

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXXV.

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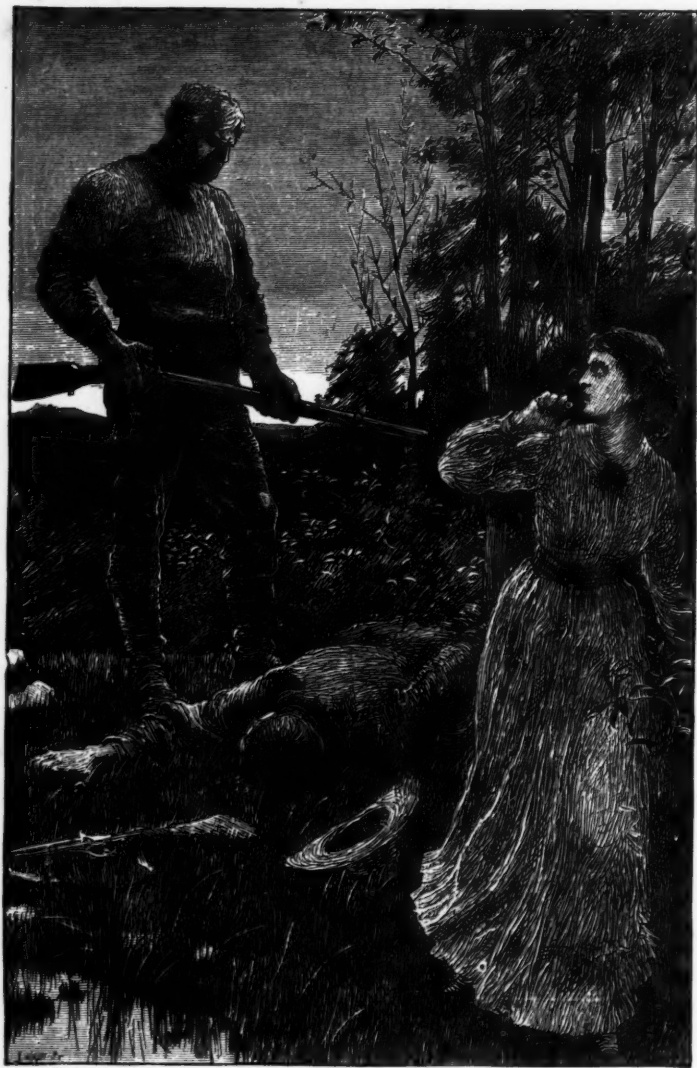
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2

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	TO FACE PAGE
I MADE ALL HASTE TO GET AWAY .....	1
"YES, YOU YOUNG IDIOT!" CRIED THE OLD MAN, JUMPING UP .....	106
I KNEW THERE WOULD BE NONE TO LOVE LIKE THEM, "WHEREVER I MIGHT GO .....	129
"OH, WHAT A FARCE IT WAS," SHE THOUGHT .....	234
"ELAINE" .....	257
TO ME HE SEEMED VERY MUCH TO BE THAWING TO HER .....	363
"LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY NEW WARD, MISS EREMA CASTLEWOOD" ...	385
"I HAVE BEEN IN GREAT TROUBLE LATELY," SAID HE .....	490
"SOMETHING MORE YET—ONLY ONE THING MORE" .....	513
HERE I FOUND LORD CASTLEWOOD .....	617
"I KNOWS THE MAN WHO DONE IT" .....	641
HER EYES WERE WITH HER HEART, AND THAT WAS FAR AWAY.....	738





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# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1877.

*Crema; or, My Father's Sin.*

CHAPTER XII.

GOLD AND GRIEF.



It may have been an hour, but it seemed an age, ere the sound of the horn, in Firm's strong blast, released me from my hiding-place. I had heard no report of fire-arms, nor perceived any sign of conflict; and certainly the house was not on fire, or else I must have seen the smoke. For being still in great alarm, I had kept a very sharp look-out.

Ephraim Gundry came to meet me, which was very kind of him. He carried his bugle in his belt, that he might

sound again for me, if needful. But I was already running towards the house, having made up my mind to be resolute. Nevertheless I was highly pleased to have his company, and hear what had been done.

"Please to let me help you," he said with a smile; "why, Miss, you are trembling dreadfully. I assure you, there is no cause for that."

"But you might have been killed, and Uncle Sam, and Martin, and everybody. Oh, those men did look so horrible!"

"Yes, they always do, till you come to know them. But bigger cowards were never born. If they can take people by surprise, and shoot them without any danger, it is a splendid treat to them. But if any one like grandfather meets them, face to face, in the daylight, their respect for law and life returns. It is not the first visit they have paid us. Grandfather kept his temper well. It was lucky for them that he did."

Remembering that the rovers must have numbered nearly three to one, even if all our men were staunch, I thought it lucky for ourselves that there had been no outbreak. But Firm seemed rather sorry that they had departed so easily. And knowing that he never bragged, I began to share his confidence.

"They must be shot, sooner or later," he said; "unless indeed they should be hanged. Their manner of going on is out of date, in these days of settlement. It was all very well, ten years ago. But now we are a civilised state, and the hand of law is over us. I think we were wrong to let them go. But of course I yield to the governor. And I think he was afraid for your sake. And to tell the truth, I may have been the same."

Here he gave my arm a little squeeze, which appeared to me quite out of place; therefore I withdrew, and hurried on. Before he could catch me, I entered the door, and found the Sawyer sitting calmly with his own long pipe once more, and watching Suan cooking.

"They rogues have had all the best of our victuals," he said, as soon as he had kissed me. "Respectable visitors is my delight, and welcome to all of the larder. But at my time of life, it goes agin' the grain, to lease out my dinner to galley-rakers. Suan, you are burning the fat again."

Suan Isco, being an excellent cook (although of quiet temper), never paid heed to criticism, but lifted her elbow, and went on. Mr. Gundry knew that it was wise to offer no further meddling; although it is well to keep them up to their work by a little grumbling. But when I came to see what broken bits were left for Suan to deal with, I only wondered that he was not cross.

"Thank God for a better meal than I deserve," he said, when they all had finished; "Suan, you are a treasure, as I tell you every day a'most. Now, if they have left us a bottle of wine, let us have it up. We be all in the dumps. But that will never do, my lad."

He patted Firm on the shoulder, as if he were the younger man of the two; and his grandson went down to the wreck of the cellar; while I, who had tried to wait upon them, in an eager clumsy way, perceived that something was gone amiss, something more serious and lasting than the mischief made by the robber troop. Was it that his long ride had failed, and not a friend could be found to help him?

When Martin and the rest were gone, after a single glass of wine, and Ephraim had made excuse of something to be seen to, the Sawyer

leaned back in his chair, and his cheerful face was troubled. I filled his pipe, and lit it for him, and waited for him to speak, well knowing his simple and outspoken heart. But he looked at me, and thanked me kindly, and seemed to be turning some grief in his mind.

"It ain't for the money," he said at last, talking more to himself than to me; "the money might a'been all very well, and useful in a sort of way. But the feelin', the feelin' is the thing I look at; and it ought to have been more hearty. Security! Charge on my land indeed! And I can run away, but my land must stop behind! What security did I ask of them? 'Tis enough a'most to make a rogue of me."

"Nothing could ever do that, Uncle Sam!" I exclaimed, as I came and sat close to him; while he looked at me bravely, and began to smile.

"Why, what was little Missy thinking of?" he asked. "How solid she looks! Why, I never see the like!"

"Then you ought to have seen it, Uncle Sam. You ought to have seen it fifty times, with everybody who loves you. And who can help loving you, Uncle Sam?"

"Well, they say that I charged too much for lumber, a'cuttin' on the cross, and the backstroke work. And it may a'been so, when I took agin a man. But to bring up all that, with the mill strown down, is a cowardly thing, to my thinking. And to make no count of the beadin' I threw in, whenever it were a straightferrard job, and the turpsy knots, and the clogging of the teeth—'tis a bad bit to swallow, when the mill is strown."

"But the mill shall not be strown, Uncle Sam. The mill shall be built again. And I will find the money."

Mr. Gundry stared at me, and shook his head. He could not bear to tell me how poor I was, while I thought myself almost made of money. "Five thousand dollars you have got put by for me," I continued, with great importance. "Five thousand dollars from the sale, and the insurance fund. And five thousand dollars must be five-and-twenty-thousand francs. Uncle Sam, you shall have every farthing of it. And if that won't build the mill again, I have got my mother's diamonds."

"Five thousand dollars!" cried the Sawyer, in amazement, opening his deep grey eyes at me. And then he remembered the tale which he had told, to make me seem independent. "Oh yes, to be sure, my dear; now I recollect. To be sure—to be sure—your own five thousand dollars! But never will I touch one cent of your nice little fortune; no, not to save my life. After all, I am not so gone in years, but what I can build the mill again myself. The Lord hath spared my hands and eyes, and gifted me still with machinery. And Firm is a very handy lad, and can carry out a job pretty fairly, with better brains to stand over him; although it has not pleased the Lord to gift him with sense of machinery, like me. But that is all for the best, no doubt. If Ephraim had too much of brains, he might have contradicted me. And that I could never abide, God knows, from any green young jackanapes."



"Oh, Uncle Sam, let me tell you something, something very important!"

"No, my dear, nothing more just now. It has done me good to have a little talk, and scared the blue somethings out of me. But just go and ask whatever is become of Firm. He was riled with them greasers. It was all I could do to keep the boy out of a difficulty with them. And if they camp anywhere nigh, it is like enough he may go hankerin' after them. The grand march of intellect hathn't managed yet to march old heads upon young shoulders. And Firm might happen to go outside the law."

The thought of this frightened me not a little; for Firm, though mild of speech, was very hot of spirit at any wrong; as I knew from tales of Suan Isco, who had brought him up, and made a glorious idol of him. And now, when she could not say where he was, but only was sure that he must be quite safe (in virtue of a charm from a great medicine-man which she had hung about him), it seemed to me, according to what I was used to, that in these regions human life was held a great deal too lightly.

It was not for one moment that I cared about Firm, any more than is the duty of a fellow-creature; he was a very good young man, and in his way good-looking, educated also quite enough, and polite, and a very good carver of a joint; and when I spoke, he nearly always listened. But, of course, he was not to be compared as yet to his grandfather, the true Sawyer.

When I ran back from Suan Isco, who was going on about her charm, and the impossibility of any one being scalped who wore it, I found Mr. Gundry in a genial mood. He never made himself uneasy about any trifles. He always had a very pure and lofty faith in the ways of Providence, and having lost his only son Elijah, he was sure that he never could lose Firm. He had taken his glass of hot whisky-and-water, which always made him temperate; and if he felt any of his troubles deeply, he dwelt on them now from a high point of view.

"I may a'said a little too much, my dear, about the badness of mankind," he observed, with his pipe lying comfortably on his breast; "all sayings of that sort is apt to go too far. I ought to have made more allowance for the times, which gets into a ticklish state, when a old man is put about with them. Never you pay no heed whatever to any harsh words I may have used. All that is a very bad thing for young folk."

"But if they treated you badly, Uncle Sam, how can you think that they treated you well?"

He took some time to consider this, because he was true in all his thoughts. And then he turned off to something else.

"Why, the smashing of the mill may have been a mercy, although in disguise to the present time of sight. It will send up the price of scantlings, and we was getting on too fast with them. By the time we have built up the mill again, we shall have more orders than we know how to do with. When I come to reckon of it, to me it appears to be the rea-



sonable thing to feel a lump of grief for the old mill, and then to set to, and build a stronger one. Yes, that must be about the right thing to do. And we'll have all the neighbours in, when we lay foundations."

"But what will be the good of it, Uncle Sam, when the new mill may at any time be washed away again?"

"Never, at any time," he answered very firmly, gazing through the door, as if he saw the vain endeavour. "That little game can easily be stopped, for about fifty dollars, by opening down the bank towards the old track of the river. The biggest waterspout that ever came down from the mountains could never come anigh the mill, but go right down the valley. It hath been in my mind to do it often, and now that I see the need, I will. Firm and I will begin to-morrow."

"But where is all the money to come from, Uncle Sam? You said that all your friends had refused to help you."

"Never mind, my dear. I will help myself. It won't be the first time, perhaps, in my life."

"But supposing that I could help you, just some little. Supposing that I had found the biggest lump of gold ever found in all California?"

Mr. Gundry ought to have looked surprised; and I was amazed that he did not. But he took it as quietly as if I had told him that I had just picked up a brass button of his. And I thought that he doubted my knowledge, very likely, even as to what gold was.

"It is gold, Uncle Sam, every bit of it gold—here is a piece of it—just look—and as large, I am sure, as this table. And it may be as deep as this room, for all that one can judge to the contrary. Why, it stopped the big pile from coming to the top, when even you went down the river."

"Well, now, that explains a thing or two," said the Sawyer, smiling peacefully, and beginning to think of another pipe, if preparation meant anything. "Two things have puzzled me about that stump, and indeed I might say three things. Why did he take such a time to drive, and why would he never stand up like a man, and why wouldn't he go away, when he ought to?"

"Because he had the best of all reasons, Uncle Sam. He was anchored on his gold, as I have read in French, and he had a good right to be crooked about it and no power could get him away from it."

"Hush, my dear, hush! It is not at all good for young people to let their minds run on so. But this gold looks very good indeed. Are you sure that it is a fair sample, and that there is any more of it?"

"How can you be so dreadfully provoking, Uncle Sam, when I tell you that I saw it with my own eyes? And there must be at least half a ton of it."

"Well, half a hundred-weight will be enough for me. And you shall have all the rest, my dear. That is, if you will spare me a bit, Miss Remy. It all belongs to you, by discovery; according to the digger's law. And your eyes are so bright about it, Miss, that the whole of your heart must be running upon it."

"Then you think me as bad as the rest of the world! How I wish that I had never seen it! It was only for you that I cared about it. For you, for you—and I will never touch a scrap of it."

Mr. Gundry had only been trying me perhaps. But I did not see it in that light, and burst into a flood of childish tears, that he should misunderstand me so. Gold had its usual end in grief. Uncle Sam rose up to soothe me, and to beg my pardon, and to say that perhaps he was harsh, because of the treatment he had received from his friends. He took me in his arms and kissed me; but before I could leave off sobbing, the crack of a rifle rang through the house, and Suan Isco, with a wail, rushed out.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE SAWYER'S PRAYER.

THE darkness of young summer night was falling on earth, and tree, and stream. Everything looked of a different form and colour from those of an hour ago, and the rich bloom of shadow mixed with colour, and cast by snowy mountains, which have stored the purple adieu of the sun, was filling the air with delicious calm. The Sawyer ran out with his shirt-sleeves shining, so that any sneaking foe might shoot him; but with the instinct of a settler, he had caught up his rifle. I stood beneath a carob-tree, which had been planted near the porch, and flung fantastic tassels down, like the ear-rings of a negress. And not having sense enough to do good, I was only able to be frightened.

Listening intently, I heard the sound of skirring steps on the other side of, and some way down, the river; and the peculiar tread, even thus far off, was plainly Suan Isco's. And then, in the stillness, a weary and heavy foot went toiling after it. Before I could follow, which I longed to do, to learn at once the worst of it, I saw the figure of a man much nearer, and even within twenty yards of me, gliding along without any sound. Faint as the light was, I felt sure that it was not one of our own men, and the barrel of a long gun upon his shoulder made a black line among silver leaves. I longed to run forth and stop him, but my courage was not prompt enough; and I shamefully shrank away behind the trunk of the carob-tree. Like a sleuth, compact, and calm-hearted villain, he went along without any breath of sound, stealing his escape with skill; till a white bower-tent made a background for him, and he leaped up, and fell flat, without a groan. The crack of a rifle came later than his leap, and a curl of white smoke shone against a black rock, and the Sawyer in the distance cried, "Well now!" as he generally did, when satisfied.

So scared was I, that I caught hold of a cluster of pods to steady me; and then without any more fear for myself, I ran to see whether it was possible to help. But the poor man lay beyond earthly help; he was too dead to palpitate. His life must have left him in the air, and he could not even have felt his fall.

In violent terror, I burst into tears, and lifted his heavy head, and strove to force his hot hands open, and did I know not what, without thinking, labouring only to recall his life.

"Are you grieving for the skulk who has shot my Firm?" said a stern voice quite unknown to me; and rising I looked at the face of Mr. Gundry, unlike the countenance of Uncle Sam. I tried to speak to him, but was too frightened. The wrath of blood was in his face, and all his kind desires were gone.

"Yes, like a girl, you are sorry for a man who has stained this earth, till his only atonement is to stain it with his blood. Captain Pedro, there you lie, shot, like a coward, through the back. I wish you were alive to taste my boots. Murderer of men, and dastard ravisher of women, miscreant of God, how can I keep from trampling on you?"

It never had been in my dreams that a good man could so entirely forget himself. I wanted to think that it must be somebody else, and not our Uncle Sam. But he looked towards the west, as all men do when their spirits are full of death, and the wan light showed that his chin was triple.

Whether it may have been right or wrong, I made all haste to get away. The face of the dead man was quite a pleasant thing, compared with the face of the old man living. He may not have meant it, and I hope he never did; but, beyond all dispute, he looked barbarous for the moment.

As I slipped away, to know the worst, there I saw him standing still, longing to kick the vile man's corpse, but quieted by the great awe of death. If the man had stirred, or breathed, or even moaned, the living man would have lost all reverence in his fury. But the power of the other world was greater than even revenge could trample on. He let it lie there, and he stooped his head, and went away quite softly.

My little foolish heart was bitterly visited by a thing like this. The Sawyer, though not of great human rank, was gifted with the largest human nature that I had ever met with. And though it was impossible as yet to think, a hollow depression, as at the loss of some great ideal, came over me.

Returning wretchedly to the house, I met Suan Isco and two men bringing the body of poor Firm. His head and both his arms hung down, and they wanted somebody to lift them; and this I ran to do, although they called out to me not to meddle. The body was carried in, and laid upon three chairs, with a pillow at the head; and then a light was struck, and a candle brought by somebody or other. And Suan Isco sat upon the floor, and set up a miserable Indian dirge.

"Stow away that," cried Martin of the mill, for he was one of those two men; "wait till the lad is dead; and then pipe up to your liking. I felt him try to kick, while we carried him along. He come forth on a arrand of that sort, and he seem to a'been disappointed. A very fine young chap I call him, for to try to do it still, howsomever his mind might be wandering. Missy, keep his head up."

I did as I was told, and watched poor Firm, as if my own life hung upon any sign of life in him. When I look back at these things, I think that fright, and grief, and pity must have turned an excitable girl almost into a real woman. But I had no sense of such things then.

"I tell you, he ain't dead," cried Martin; "no more dead than I be. He feels the young gal's hand below him, and I see him try to turn up his eyes. He has taken a very bad knock, no doubt, and trouble about his breathing. I seed a fellow scalped once, and shot through the heart; but he came all round in about six months, and protected his head with a document. Firm, now, don't you be a fool. I have had worse things in my family."

Ephraim Gundry seemed to know that some one was upbraiding him. At any rate, his white lips trembled with a weak desire to breathe, and a little shadow of life appeared to flicker in his open eyes. And on my sleeve, beneath his back, some hot bright blood came trickling.

"Keep him to that," said Martin, with some carpenter sort of surger; "less fear of the life when the blood begins to run. Don't move him, Missy, never mind your arm. It will be the saving of him."

I was not strong enough to hold him up, but Suan ran to help me; and they told me afterwards that I fell faint, and no doubt it must have been so. But when the rest were gone, and had taken poor Firm to his straw mattress, the cold night air must have flowed into the room, and that perhaps revived me. I went to the bottom of the stairs and listened, and then stole up to the landing, and heard Suan Isco, who had taken the command, speaking cheerfully in her worst English. Then I hoped for the best, and without any knowledge wandered forth into the open air.

Walking quite as in a dream this time (which I had vainly striven to do when seeking for my nugget), I came to the bank of the gleaming river, and saw the water just in time to stop from stepping into it. Careless about this, and every other thing, for the moment, I threw myself on the sod, and listened to the mournful melody of night. Sundry unknown creatures, which by day keep timid silence, were sending placid sounds into the darkness, holding quiet converse with themselves, or it, or one another. And the silvery murmur of the wavelets soothed the twinkling sleep of leaves.

I also, being worn and weary, and having a frock which improved with washing, and was spoiled already by nursing Firm, was well content to throw myself into a niche of river-bank, and let all things flow past me. But before anything had found time to flow far, or the lullaby of night had lulled me, there came to me a sadder sound than plaintive nature can produce without her Master's aid, the saddest sound in all creation—a strong man's wail.

Child as I was—and perhaps all the more for that reason as knowing so little of mankind—I might have been more frightened, but I

could not have been a bit more shocked, by the roaring of a lion. For I knew in a moment whose voice it was, and that made it pierce me tenfold. It was Uncle Sam, lamenting to himself, and to his God alone, the loss of his last hope on earth. He could not dream that any other than his Maker (and his Maker's works, if ever they have any sympathy) listened to the wild outpourings of an aged, but still very natural heart, which had always been proud of controlling itself. I could see his great frame through a willow-tree, with the sere grass and withered reeds around, and the faint gleam of fugitive water beyond. He was kneeling towards his shattered mill, having rolled his shirt-sleeves back to pray, and his white locks shone in the starlight; then, after trying several times, he managed to pray a little. First (perhaps partly from habit), he said the prayer of Our Lord pretty firmly, and then he went on to his own special case, with a doubting whether he should mention it. But as he went on, he gathered courage, or received it from above, and was able to say what he wanted.

"Almighty Father of the living and the dead, I have lived long, and shall soon be dead, and my days have been full of trouble. But I never had such trouble as this here before, and I don't think I ever shall get over it. I have sinned every day of my life, and not thought of Thee, but of victuals, and money, and stuff; and nobody knows, but myself and Thou, all the little bad things inside of me. I cared a deal more to be respectable and get on with my business than to be prepared for kingdom come. And I have just been proud about the shooting of a villain, who might a' gone free and repented. There is nobody left to me in my old age. Thou hast taken all of them. Wife, and son, and mill, and grandson, and my brother who robbed me—the whole of it may have been for my good, but I have got no good out of it. Show me the way for a little time, O Lord, to make the best of it; and teach me to bear it like a man, and not break down at this time of life. Thou knowest what is right. Please to do it. Amen."

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### NOT FAR TO SEEK.

IN the present state of controversies most profoundly religious, the Lord alone can decide (though thousands of men would hurry to pronounce) for or against the orthodoxy of the ancient Sawyer's prayer. But if sound doctrine can be established by success (as it always is), Uncle Sam's theology must have been unusually sound; for it pleased a gracious Power to know what he wanted, and to grant it.

Brave as Mr. Gundry was, and much enduring and resigned, the latter years of his life on earth must have dragged on very heavily, with abstract resignation only, and none of his blood to care for him. Being so obstinate a man, he might have never admitted this, but proved

against every one's voice, except his own, his special blessedness. But this must have been a trial to him, and happily he was spared from it.

For although Firm had been very badly shot, and kept us for weeks in anxiety about him, his strong young constitution and well-nourished frame got over it. A truly good and learned doctor came from Sacramento, and we hung upon his words, and found that there he left us hanging. And this was the wisest thing perhaps that he could do, because in America medical men are not absurdly expected, as they are in England, to do any good; but are valued chiefly upon their power of predicting what they cannot help. And this man of science perceived that he might do harm to himself and his family, by predicting amiss, whereas he could do no good to his patient by predicting rightly. And so he foretold both good and evil, to meet the intentions of Providence.

He had not been sent for in vain, however; and to give him his due he saved Ephraim's life, for he drew from the wound a large bullet, which, if left, must have poisoned all his circulation, although it was made of pure silver. The Sawyer wished to keep this silver bullet as a token, but the doctor said that it belonged to him according to miners' law; and so it came to a moderate argument. Each was a thoroughly stubborn man, according to the bent of all good men, and reasoning increased their unreason. But the doctor won, as indeed he deserved, for the extraction had been delicate; because when reason had been exhausted, he just said this:—

"Colonel Gundry, let us have no more words. The true owner is your grandson. I will put it back where I took it from."

Upon this, the Sawyer being tickled, as men very often are in sad moments, took the doctor by the hand, and gave him the bullet heartily. And the medical man had a loop made to it, and wore it upon his watch chain. And he told the story so often (saying that another man perhaps might have got it out, but no other man could have kept it), that among a great race who judge by facts it doubled his practice immediately.

The leader of the robbers, known far and wide as "Captain Pedro," was buried where he fell; and the whole so raised Uncle Sam's reputation, that his house was never attacked again; and if any bad characters were forced by circumstances to come near him, they never asked for anything stronger than ginger-beer or lemonade, and departed very promptly. For as soon as Ephraim Gundry could give account of his disaster, it was clear that Don Pedro owed his fate to a bottle of the Sawyer's whisky. Firm had only intended to give him a lesson for misbehaviour, being fired by his grandfather's words about swinging me on the saddle. This idea had justly appeared to him to demand a protest; to deliver which he at once set forth with a valuable cow-hide whip. Coming thus to the rovers' camp, and finding their captain sitting in the shade to digest his dinner, Firm laid hold of him by the neck, and gave way to feelings of severity. Don Pedro regretted his misconduct, and being lifted up for the moment above his ordinary



view, perceived that he might have done better, and shaped the pattern of his tongue to it. Firm, hearing this, had good hopes of him; yet knowing how volatile repentance is, he strove to form a well-marked track for it. And when the captain ceased to receive cow-hide, he must have had it long enough to miss it.

Now this might have ended honourably and amicably for all concerned, if the captain had known when he was well off. Unluckily he had purloined a bottle of Mr. Gundry's whisky, and he drew the cork now to rub his stripes, and the smell of it moved him to try it inside. And before very long, his ideas of honour, which he had sense enough to drop when sober, began to come into his eyes again, and to stir him up to mischief. Hence it was that he followed Firm, who was riding home well satisfied, and appeased his honour by shooting in cold blood, and justice by being shot any how.

It was beautiful, through all this trying time, to watch Uncle Sam's proceedings. He appeared so delightfully calm, and almost careless, whenever he was looked at. And then he was ashamed of himself perpetually, if any one went on with it. Nobody tried to observe him, of course, or remark upon any of his doings, and for this he would become so grateful, that he would long to tell all his thoughts, and then stop. This must have been a great worry to him, seeing how open his manner was; and whenever he wanted to hide anything, he informed us of that intention. So that we exhorted Firm every day to come round and restore us to our usual state. This was the poor fellow's special desire; and often he was angry with himself, and made himself worse again by declaring that he must be a milksop to lie there so long. Whereas, it was much more near the truth that few other men, even in the Western States, would ever have got over such a wound. I am not learned enough to say exactly where the damage was, but the doctor called it, I think, the sternum, and pronounced that "a building-up process" was required, and must take a long time, if it ever could be done.

It was done at last, thanks to Suan Isco, who scarcely ever left him by day or night, and treated him skilfully with healing herbs. But he, without meaning it, vexed her often by calling for me—a mere ignorant child. Suan was dreadfully jealous of this, and perhaps I was proud of that sentiment of hers, and tried to justify it, instead of labouring to remove it, as would have been the more proper course. And Firm most ungratefully said that my hand was lighter than poor Suan's, and everything I did was better done, according to him—which was shameful on his part, and as untrue as anything could be. However, we yielded to him in all things, while he was so delicate; and it often made us, poor weak things, cry to be the masters of a tall strong man.

Firm Gundry received that shot in May, about ten days before the twelvemonth was completed from my father's death. The brightness of summer, and beauty of autumn, went by without his feeling them, and while his system was working hard to fortify itself by walling-up, as the

learned man had called it. There had been some difficulties in this process, caused partly, perhaps, by our too lavish supply of the raw material; and before Firm's gap in his "sternum" was stopped, the mountains were coming down upon us, as we always used to say when the snow-line stooped. In some seasons this is a sharp time of hurry, broken with storms, and capricious, while men have to slur in the driving weather tasks that should have been matured long since. But in other years, the long descent into the depth of winter is taken not with a jump like that, but gently, and softly, and windingly, with a great many glimpses back at the summer, and a good deal of leaning on the arm of the sun.

And so it was this time. The autumn and the winter for a fortnight stood looking quietly at each other. They had quite agreed to share the hours, to suit the arrangements of the sun. The nights were starry and fresh and brisk, without any touch of tartness; and the days were sunny and soft and gentle, without any sense of languor. It was a lovely scene: blue shadows gliding among golden light.

The Sawyer came forth, and cried, "What a shame! This makes me feel quite young again. And yet I have done not a stroke of work. No excuse. Make no excuse. I can do that pretty well for myself. Praise God for all his mercies. I might do worse, perhaps, than have a pipe."

Then Firm came out to surprise him, and to please us all with the sight of himself. He steadied his steps, with one great white hand upon his grandfather's Sunday staff, and his clear blue eyes were trembling with a sense of gratitude and a fear of tears. And I stepped behind a red strawberry-tree, for my sense of respect for him almost made me sob.

Then Jowler thought it high time to appear upon the scene, and convince us that he was not a dead dog yet. He had known tribulation, as his master had, and had found it a difficult thing to keep from the shadowy hunting-ground of dogs, who have lived a conscientious life. I had wondered at first what his reason could have been for not coming forward, according to his custom, to meet that troop of robbers. But his reason, alas, was too cogent to himself, though nobody else in that dreadful time could pay any attention to him. The Rovers, well knowing poor Jowler's repute, and declining the fair mode of testing it, had sent in advance a very crafty scout, a half-bred Indian, who knew as much about dogs as they could ever hope to know about themselves. This rogue approached faithful Jowler—so we were told long afterwards—not in an upright way, but as if he had been a brother quadded. And he took advantage of the dog's unfeigned surprise and interest, to accost him with a piece of kidney containing a powerful poison. According to all sound analogy, this should have stopped the dear fellow's earthly tracks; but his spirit was such, that he simply went away to nurse himself up in retirement. Neither man nor dog can tell what agonies he suffered; and doubtless his tortures of mind about duty unperformed were the worst of all. These things are out of human



knowledge in its present unsympathetic state. Enough that poor Jowler came home at last, with his ribs all up and his tail very low.

Like friends who have come together again, almost from the jaws of death, we sat in the sunny noon, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. The trees above us looked proud and cheerful, laying aside the mere frippery of leaves, with a good grace and contented arms, and a surety of having quite enough next spring. Much of the fruity wealth of autumn still was clustering in our sight, heavily fetching the arched bough down, to lessen the fall, when fall they must. And against the golden leaves of maple behind the unpretending roof, a special wreath of blue shone like a climbing *Ipomæa*. But coming to examine this, one found it to be nothing more nor less than the smoke of the kitchen chimney, busy with a quiet roasting job.

This shows how clear the air was; but a thousand times as much could never tell how clear our spirits were. Nobody made any "demonstration," or cut any frolicsome capers, or even said anything exuberant. The stedfast brooding breed of England, which despises antics, was present in us all, and strengthened by a soil whose native growth is peril, chance, and marvel. And so we nodded at one another, and I ran over and curtsied to Uncle Sam, and he took me to him.

"You have been a dear good child," he said, as he rose, and looked over my head at Firm; "my own granddarter, if such there had been, could not have done more to comfort me; nor half so much for ought I know. There is no picking and choosing among the females, as God gives them. But He has given you for a blessing and saving to my old age, my dearie."

"Oh, Uncle Sam, now the nugget!" I cried, desiring like a child to escape deep feeling, and fearing any strong words from Firm. "You have promised me ever so long that I should be the first to show Firm the nugget."

"And so you shall, my dear, and Firm shall see it before he is an hour older, and Jowler shall come down to show us where it is."

Firm, who had little faith in the nugget, but took it for a dream of mine, and had proved conclusively from his pillow that it could not exist in earnest, now with a gentle, satirical smile declared his anxiety to see it; and I led him along by his better arm, faster, perhaps, than he ought to have walked.

In a very few minutes we were at the place, and I ran eagerly to point it; but behold, where the nugget had been, there was nothing except the white bed of the river! The blue water flowed very softly on its way, without a gleam of gold to corrupt it.

"Oh, nobody will ever believe me again!" I exclaimed in the saddest of sad dismay. "I dreamed about it first, but it never can have been a dream throughout. You know that I told you about it, Uncle Sam, even when you were very busy, and that shows that it never could have been a dream."

"You told me about it, I remember now," Mr. Gundry answered dryly; "but it does not follow that there was such a thing. My dear, you may have imagined it; because it was the proper time for it to come, when my good friends had no money to lend. Your heart was so good that it got into your brain; and you must not be vexed, my dear child; it has done you good to dream of it."

"I said so all along," Firm observed; "Miss Rema felt that it ought to be, and so she believed that it must be there. She is always so warm and trustful."

"Is that all you are good for?" I cried, with no gratitude for his compliment. "As sure as I stand here I saw a great boulder of gold, and so did Jowler; and I gave you the piece that he brought up. Did you take them all in a dream, Uncle Sam? Come, can you get over that?"

I assure you that for the moment I knew not whether I stood upon my feet or head, until I perceived an extraordinary grin on the Sawyer's ample countenance; but Firm was not in the secret yet, for he gazed at me with compassion; and Uncle Sam looked at us both, as if he were balancing our abilities.

"Send your dog in, Missy," at last he said; "he is more your dog than mine, I believe, and he obeys you like a Christian. Let him go and find it if he can."

At a sign from me, the great dog dashed in, and scratched with all four feet at once, and made the valley echo with the ring of mighty barking; and in less than two minutes, there shone the nugget, as yellow and as big as ever.

"Ha, ha! I never saw a finer thing," shouted Uncle Sam, like a schoolboy. "I were too many for you, Missy dear; but the old dog wollops the whole of us. I just shot a barrow-load of gravel on your nugget, to keep it all snug till Firm should come round; and if the boy had never come round, there the gold might have waited the will of the Almighty. It is a big spot anyhow."

It certainly was not a little spot, though they all seemed to make so light of it—which vexed me, because I had found it, and was as proud as if I had made it. Not by any means that the Sawyer was half as careless as he seemed to be; he put on much of this for my sake, having very lofty principles, especially concerning the duty of the young. Young people were never to have small ideas, so far as he could help it, particularly upon such matters as Mammon, or the world, or fashion; and not so very seldom he was obliged to catch himself up in his talking, when he chanced to be going on, and forgetting that I, who required a higher vein of thought for my youth, was taking his words downright; and I think that all this had a great deal to do with his treating all that gold in such an exemplary manner; for if it had really mattered nothing, what made him go in the dark and shoot a great barrow-load of gravel over it?

## CHAPTER XV.

## BROUGHT TO BANK.

THE sanity of a man is mainly tested among his neighbours and kindred by the amount of consideration which he has consistently given to cash. If money has been the chief object of his life, and he for its sake has spared nobody, no sooner is he known to be successful than admiration overpowers all the ill-will he has caused. He is shrewd, sagacious, long-headed, and great; he has earned his success, and few men grudge, while many seek to get a slice of it; but he, as a general rule, declines any premature distribution; and for this custody of his wealth, he is admired all the more by those who have no hope of sharing it.

As soon as ever it was known that Uncle Sam had lodged at his bankers a tremendous lump of gold, which rumour declared to be worth at least a hundred thousand dollars, friends from every side poured in, all in hot haste, to lend him their last farthing. The Sawyer was pleased with their kindness, but thought that his second-best whisky met the merits of the case. And he was more particular than usual with his words; for according to an old saying of the diggers, a big nugget always has children, and, being too heavy to go very far, it is likely to keep all its little ones at home. Many people, therefore, were longing to seek for the frogs of this great toad; for so in their slang the miners called them, with a love of preternatural history. But Mr. Gundry allowed no search for the frogs, or even the tadpoles, of his patriarchal nugget. And much as he hated the idea of sowing the seeds of avarice in any one, he showed himself most consistent now in avoiding that imputation; for not only did he refuse to show the bed of his great treasure, after he had secured it, but he fenced the whole of it in, and tarred the fence and put loopholes in it; and then he established Jowler where he could neither be shot nor poisoned, and kept a man with a double-barrelled rifle in the ruin of the mill, handy to shoot, but not easy to be shot; and this was a resolute man, being Martin himself, who had now no business. Of course Martin grumbled; but the worse his temper was, the better for his duty, as seems to be the case with a great many men; and if any one had come to console him in his grumbling, never would he have gone away again.

It would have been reckless of me to pretend to say what anybody ought to do; from the first to the last I left everything to those who knew so much better; at the same time, I felt that it might have done no harm if I had been more consulted, though I never dreamed of saying so, because the great gold had been found by me, and although I cared for it scarcely more than for the tag of a boot-lace, nobody seemed to me able to enter into it quite as I did; and as soon as Firm's danger and pain grew less, I began to get rather impatient, but Uncle Sam was not to be hurried.

Before ever he hoisted that rock of gold, he had made up his mind for me to be there, and he even put the business off, because I would

not come one night, for I had a superstitious fear on account of its being my father's birthday. Uncle Sam had forgotten the date, and begged my pardon for proposing it; but he said that we must not put it off later than the following night, because the moonlight would be failing, and we durst not have any kind of lamp, and before the next moon the hard weather might begin. All this was before the liberal offers of his friends, of which I have spoken first, although they happened to come after it.

While the Sawyer had been keeping the treasure *perdu*, to abide the issue of his grandson's illness, he had taken good care both to watch it and to form some opinion of its shape and size; for, knowing the pile which I had described, he could not help finding it easily enough; and, indeed, the great fear was that others might find it, and come in great force to rob him; but nothing of that sort had happened, partly because he held his tongue rigidly, and partly, perhaps, because of the simple precaution which he had taken.

Now, however, it was needful to impart the secret to one man at least; for Firm, though recovering, was still so weak that it might have killed him to go into the water, or even to exert himself at all; and, strong as Uncle Sam was, he knew that even with hoisting-tackle, he alone could never bring that piece of bullion to bank; so, after much consideration, he resolved to tell Martin of the Mill, as being the most trusty man about the place, as well as the most surly; but he did not tell him until everything was ready, and then he took him straightway to the place.

Here, in the moonlight, we stood waiting, Firm and myself and Suan Isco, who had more dread than love of gold, and might be useful to keep watch, or even to lend a hand, for she was as strong as an ordinary man. The night was sultry, and the fire-flies (though dull in the radiance of the moon) darted, like soft little shooting-stars, across the still face of shadow, and the flood of the light of the moon was at its height, submerging everything.

While we were whispering and keeping in the shade, for fear of attracting any wanderer's notice, we saw the broad figure of the Sawyer rising from a hollow of the bank, and behind him came Martin the foreman, and we soon saw that due preparation had been made, for they took from under some driftwood (which had prevented us from observing it) a small moveable crane, and fixed it on a platform of planks which they set up in the river-bed.

"Pale-faces eat gold," Suan Isco said, reflectively, and as if to satisfy herself. "Dem eat, drink, die gold; den pull gold out of one other's ears. Welly hope Mellican mans get enough gold now."

"Don't be sarcastic, now, Suan," I answered; "as if it were possible to have enough!"

"For my part," said Firm, who had been unusually silent all the evening, "I wish it had never been found at all. As sure as I stand here, mischief will come of it. It will break up our household. I hope

it will turn out a lump of quartz, gilt on the face, as those big nuggets do, ninety-nine out of a hundred. I have had no faith in it all along."

"Because I found it, Mr. Firm, I suppose," I answered rather pettishly, for I never had liked Firm's incessant bitterness about my nugget. "Perhaps if you had found it, Mr. Firm, you would have had great faith in it."

"Can't say, can't say," was all Firm's reply; and he fell into the silent vein again.

"Heave-ho! heave-ho! there, you sons of cooks!" cried the Sawyer, who was splashing for his life in the water. "I've tackled 'un now! Just tighten up the belt, to see if he biteth centre-like. You can't lift 'un! Lord bless 'ee, not you. It'll take all I know to do that, I guess; and Firm ain't to lay no hand to it. Don't you be in such a doggoned hurry. Hold hard, can't you?"

For Suan and Martin were hauling for their lives, and even I caught hold of a rope-end, but had no idea what to do with it, when the Sawyer swung himself up to bank, and in half a minute all was orderly. He showed us exactly where to throw our weight, and he used his own to such good effect that, after some creaking and groaning, the long bill of the crane rose steadily, and a mass of dripping sparkles shone in the moonlight over the water.

"Hurrah! What a whale! How the tough ash bends!" cried Uncle Sam, panting like a boy, and doing nearly all the work himself. "Martin, lay your chest to it. We'll grass him in two seconds. Californy never saw a sight like this, I reckon."

There was plenty of room for us all to stand round the monster and admire it. In shape it was just like a fat toad, squatting with his shoulders up and panting. Even a rough resemblance to the head and the haunches might be discovered, and a few spots of quartz shone here and there on the glistening and bossy surface. Some of us began to feel and handle it with vast admiration; but Firm, with his heavy boots, made a vicious kick at it, and a few bright scales, like sparks, flew off.

"Why, what ails the lad?" cried the Sawyer in some wrath; "what harm hath the stone ever done to him? To my mind, this here lump is a proof of the whole creation of the world, and who hath lived long enough to gainsay? Here this lump hath lain, without changing colour, since creation's day; here it is, as big and heavy as when the Lord laid hand to it. What good to argue agin' such facts? Supposin' the world come out o' nothing, with nobody to fetch it, or to say a word of orders, how ever could it 'a managed to get a lump of gold like this in it? They clever fellers is too clever. Let 'em put all their heads together, and turn out a nugget, and I'll believe them."

Uncle Sam's reasoning was too deep for any but himself to follow. He was not long in perceiving this, though we were content to admire his words, without asking him to explain them; so he only said, "Well, well," and began to try with both hands if he could heft this lump. He

stirred it, and moved it, and raised it a little, as the glisten of the light upon its roundings showed; but lift it fairly from the ground he could not, however he might bow his sturdy legs and bend his mighty back to it; and, strange to say, he was pleased for once to acknowledge his own iscomfiture.

"Five hundred and a half I used to lift to the height of my knee-cap easily; I may 'a fallen off now a hundredweight with years, and strings in my back, and rheumatics; but this here little toad is a clear hundredweight out and beyond my heftage. If there's a pound here, there's not an ounce under six hundredweight, I'll lay a thousand dollars. Miss Rema, give a name to him. All the thundering nuggets has thundering names.

"Then this shall be called 'Uncle Sam,' " I answered; "because he is the largest and the best of all."

"It shall stand, Miss," cried Martin, who was in great spirits, and seemed to have bettered himself for ever. "You could not have given it a finer name, Miss, if you had considered for a century. Uncle Sam is the name of our glorious race, from the kindness of our natur'. Everybody's uncle we are now in vartue of superior knowledge, and freedom, and giving of general advice, and stickin' to all the world, or all the good of it. Darned if old Sam aren't the front of creation!"

"Well, well," said the Sawyer, "let us call it 'Uncle Sam,' if the dear young lady likes it; it would be bad luck to change the name; but for all that, we must look uncommon sharp, or some of our glorious race will come and steal it, afore we unbutton our eyes."

"Pooh!" cried Martin, but he knew very well that his master's words were common sense; and we left him on guard with a double-barrelled gun, and Jowler to keep watch with him. And the next day he told us that he had spent the night in such a frame of mind from continual thought, that when our pet cow came to drink at daybreak, it was but the blowing of her breath that saved her from taking a bullet between her soft, tame eyes.

Now, it could not in any kind of way hold good that such things should continue; and the Sawyer, though loth to lose sight of the nugget, perceived that he must not sacrifice all the morals of the neighbourhood to it, and he barely had time to despatch it on its road at the bottom of a load of lumber, with Martin to drive, and Jowler to sit up, and Firm to ride behind, when a troop of mixed robbers came riding across, with a four-wheel cart and two sturdy mules, enough to drag off everything. They had clearly heard of the golden toad, and desired to know more of him; but Uncle Sam, with his usual blandness, met these men at the gate of his yard, and upon the top-rail, to ease his arm, he rested a rifle of heavy metal, with seven revolving chambers. The robbers found out that they had lost their way, and Mr. Gundry answered that so they had, and the sooner they found it in another direction, the better it would be for them. They thought that he had all his men inside, and they were



mighty civil, though we had only two negroes to help us, and Suan Iseo, with a great gun cocked. But their curiosity was such that they could not help asking about the gold; and, sooner than shoot them, Uncle Sam replied that, upon his honour, the nugget was gone. And the fame of his word was so well known, that these fellows (none of whom could tell the truth even at confession) believed him on the spot, and begged his pardon for trespassing on his premises. They hoped that he would not say a word to the Vigilance Committee, who hanged a poor fellow for losing his road; and he told them that if they made off at once, nobody should pursue them, and so they rode off very happily.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### FIRM AND INFIRM.

STRANGE as it may appear, our quiet little home was not yet disturbed by that great discovery of gold. The Sawyer went up to the summit of esteem in public opinion; but to himself, and to us, he was the same as ever. He worked with his own hard hands, and busy head, just as he used to do; for although the mill was still in ruins, there was plenty of the finer work to do, which always required hand-labour. And at night he would sit at the end of the table furthest from the fireplace, with his spectacles on, and his red cheeks glowing, while he designed the future mill, which was to be built in the spring, and transcend every mill ever heard, thought, or dreamt of.

We all looked forward to a quiet winter, snug with warmth and cheer indoors, and bright outside with sparkling trees, brisk air, and frosty appetite; when a foolish idea arose, which spoiled the comfort at least of two of us. Ephraim Gundry found out, or fancied, that he was entirely filled with love of a very young maid, who never dreamt of such things, and hated even to hear of them; and the maid, unluckily, was myself.

During the time of his ailment, I had been with him continually, being only too glad to assuage his pain, or turn his thoughts away from it. I partly suspected that he had incurred his bitter wound for my sake; though I never imputed his zeal to more than a young man's natural wrath at an outrage. But now he left me no longer in doubt, and made me most uncomfortable. Perhaps I was hard upon him, and afterwards I often thought so; for he was very kind and gentle; but I was an orphan child, and had no one to advise me in such matters. I believe that he should have considered this, and allowed me to grow a little older; but perhaps he himself was too young as yet, and too bashful, to know how to manage things. It was the very evening after his return from Sacramento, and the beauty of the weather still abode in the soft warm depth around us. In every tint of rock and tree, and playful glass of river, a quiet clearness seemed to lie, and a rich content of colour. The grandeur of the world was such, that one could only rest among it, seeking neither voice nor thought.

Therefore I was more surprised than pleased to hear my name ring loudly through the echoing hollows, and then to see the bushes shaken, and an eager form leap out. I did not answer a word, but sat with a wreath of white bouvardia and small adiantum round my head, which I had plaited anyhow.

"What a lovely dear you are!" cried Firm, and then he seemed frightened at his own words.

"I had no idea that you would have finished your dinner so soon as this, Mr. Firm."

"And you did not want me. You are vexed to see me. Tell the truth, Miss Rema."

"I always tell the truth," I answered; "and I did not want to be disturbed just now. I have so many things to think of."

"And not me among them. Oh no, of course, you never think of me, Erema."

"It is very unkind of you to say that," I answered, looking clearly at him, as a child looks at a man. "And it is not true, I assure you, Firm. Whenever I have thought of dear Uncle Sam, I very often go on to think of you, because he is so fond of you."

"But not for my own sake, Erema; you never think of me for my own sake."

"But yes, I do, I assure you, Mr. Firm; I do greatly. There is scarcely a day that I do not remember how hungry you are, and I think of you."

"Tush!" replied Firm, with a lofty gaze. "Even for a moment that does not in any way express my meaning. My mind is very much above all eating, when it dwells upon you, Erema. I have always been fond of you, Erema."

"You have always been good to me, Firm," I said, as I managed to get a great branch between us. "After your grandfather, and Suan Isco, and Jowler, I think that I like you best of almost anybody left to me. And you know that I never forget your slippers."

"Erema, you drive me almost wild, by never understanding me. Now, will you just listen to a little common sense? You know that I am not romantic."

"Yes, Firm; yes, I know that you never did anything wrong in any way."

"You would like me better if I did. What an extraordinary thing it is! Oh, Erema, I beg your pardon."

He had seen in a moment, as men seem to do, when they study the much quicker face of a girl, that his words had keenly wounded me—that I had applied them to my father, of whom I was always thinking; though I scarcely ever spoke of him. But I knew that Firm had meant no harm, and I gave him my hand, though I could not speak.

"My darling," he said, "you are very dear to me, dearer than all the world beside. I will not worry you any more. Only say that you do not hate me."



"How could I? How could anybody? Now let us go in, and attend to Uncle Sam. He thinks of everybody before himself."

"And I think of everybody after myself. Is that what you mean, Erema?"

"To be sure! If you like; you may put any meaning on my words that you think proper. I am accustomed to things of that sort, and I pay no attention whatever, when I am perfectly certain that I am right."

"I see," replied Firm, applying one finger to the side of his nose, in deep contemplation, which, of all his manners, annoyed me most, that nose being slightly crooked; "I see how it is; Miss Rema is always perfectly certain that she is right, and the whole of the rest of the world quite wrong. Well, after all, there is nothing like holding a first-rate opinion of oneself."

"You are not what I thought of you," I cried, being vexed beyond bearance by such words, and feeling their gross injustice; "if you wish to say anything more, please to leave it until you recover your temper. I am not quite accustomed to rudeness."

With these words, I drew away and walked off, partly in earnest and partly in joke, not wishing to hear another word. And when I looked back, being well out of sight, there he sat still, with his head on his hands; and my heart had a little ache for him.

However, I determined to say no more, and to be extremely careful. I could not in justice blame Ephraim Gundry for looking at me very often. But I took good care not to look at him again, unless he said something that made me laugh, and then I could scarcely help it. He was sharp enough very soon to find out this; and then he did a thing which was most unfair, as I found out long afterwards. He bought an American jest-book, full of ideas wholly new to me, and these he committed to heart, and brought them out as his own productions. If I had only known it, I must have been exceedingly sorry for him. But Uncle Sam used to laugh, and rub his hands, perhaps for old acquaintance sake; and when Uncle Sam laughed, there was nobody near who could help laughing with him. And so I began to think Firm the most witty and pleasant of men, though I tried to look away.

But perhaps the most careful and delicate of things was to see how Uncle Sam went on. I could not understand him at all just then, and thought him quite changed from my old Uncle Sam; but afterwards, when I came to know, his behaviour was as clear and shallow as the water of his own river. He had very strange ideas about what he generally called "the female kind." According to his ideas (and, perhaps they were not so unusual among mankind, especially settlers), all "females" were of a good, but weak, and consistently inconsistent sort. The surest way to make them do whatever their betters wanted, was to make them think that it was not wanted, but was hedged with obstacles beyond their power to overcome; and so to provoke and tantalise them to set their hearts upon doing it. In accordance with this idea (than which there can be none more mistaken), he took the greatest pains to keep me from having

a word to say to Firm, and even went so far as to hint with winks and nods of pleasantry, that his grandson's heart was set upon the pretty Miss Sylvester, the daughter of a man who owned a herd of pigs, much too near our saw-mills, and herself a young woman of outrageous dress, and in a larger light contemptible. But when Mr. Gundry, without any words, conveyed this piece of news to me, I immediately felt quite a liking for gaudy but harmless Pennsylvania, for so her parents had named her, when she was too young to help it, and I heartily hoped that she might suit Firm, which she seemed all the more likely to do, as his conduct could not be called noble. Upon that point, however, I said not a word, leaving him purely to judge for himself, and feeling it a great relief that now he could not say anything more to me. I was glad that his taste was so easily pleased; and I told Suan Isco how glad I was.

This I had better have left unsaid; for it led to a great explosion, and drove me away from the place altogether, before the new mill was finished, and before I should otherwise have gone from friends who were so good to me,—not that I could have stayed there much longer, even if this had never come to pass; for week by week, and month by month, I was growing more uneasy. Uneasy, not at my obligations, or dependence upon mere friends (for they managed that so kindly that I seemed to confer the favour), but from my own sense of lagging far behind my duty.

For now the bright air, and the wholesome food, and the pleasure of goodness around me, were making me grow, without knowledge or notice, into a tall and not altogether to be overlooked young woman. I was exceedingly shy about this, and blushed if any one spoke of it; but yet in my heart I felt that it was so, and how could I help it? And when people said, as rough people will, and even Uncle Sam sometimes, "handsome is as handsome does," or "beauty is only skin deep," and so on, I made it my duty not to be put out, but to bear it in mind, and be thankful. And though I had no idea of any such influence at the moment, I hope that the grandeur of nature around, and the lofty style of everything, may have saved me from dwelling too much on myself, as Pennsylvania Sylvester did.

Now the more I felt my grown-up age, and health, and buoyant vigour, the surer I knew that the time was come for me to do some good with them. Not to benefit the world in general, in a large and scatterly way (as many young people set out to do, and never get any further), but to right the wrong of my own house, and bring home justice to my own heart. This may be thought a partial and paltry object to set out with; and it is not for me to say otherwise. At the time, it occurred to me in no other light, except as my due business, and I never took any large view at all. But even now I do believe (though not yet in pickle of wisdom), that if everybody, in its own little space, and among its own little movements, will only do and take nothing without pure taste of the salt of justice, no reeking atrocity of national crimes could ever taint the heaven.

Such questions, however, become me not. I have only to deal with

very little things, sometimes too slim to handle well, and too sleezy to be woven ; and if they seem below my sense and dignity to treat of, I can only say that they seemed very big at the time when I had to encounter them. For instance, what could be more important, in a little world of life, than for Uncle Sam to be put out, and dare even to think ill of me ? Yet this he did ; and it shows how shallow are all those theories of the other sex, which men are so pleased to indulge in. Scarcely anything could be more ridiculous from first to last, when calmly and truly considered, than the firm belief which no power of reason could, for the time, root out of him.

Uncle Sam, the dearest of all mankind to me, and the very kindest, was positively low enough to believe, in his sad opinion of the female race, that my young head was turned because of the wealth to which I had no claim, except through his own justice. He had insisted, at first, that the whole of that great nugget belonged to me, by right of sole discovery. I asked him whether, if any stranger had found it, it would have been considered his ; and whether he would have allowed a "greaser," upon finding, to make off with it. At the thought of this, Mr. Gundry gave a little grunt, and could not go so far as to maintain that view of it. But he said that my reasoning did not fit ; that I was not a greaser, but a settled inhabitant of the place, and entitled to all a settler's rights. That the bed of the river would have been his grave, but for the risk of my life ; and therefore whatever I found in the bed of the river belonged to me, and me only.

In argument he was so much stronger than I could ever attempt to be, that I gave it up, and could only say that if he argued for ever, it could never make any difference. He did not argue for ever, but only grew obstinate and unpleasant, so that I yielded at last to own the half share of the bullion.

Very well. Everybody would have thought, who has not studied the nature of men, or been dragged through it heavily, that now there could be no more trouble between two people entirely trusting each other, and only anxious that the other should have the best of it. Yet instead of that being the case, the mischief, the myriad mischief of money set in ; until I heartily wished sometimes that my miserable self was down in the hole which the pelf had left behind it.

For what did Uncle Sam take into his head (which was full of generosity and large ideas, so loosely packed that little ones grew between them, especially about womankind), what else did he really seem to think, with the downright stubbornness of all his thoughts, but that I, his poor debtor, and pensioner, and penniless dependant, was so set up and elated by this sudden access of fortune, that henceforth none of the sawing race was high enough for me to think of. It took me a long time to believe that so fair and just a man ever could set such construction upon me. And when it became too plain that he did so, truly I know not whether grief or anger was uppermost in my troubled heart.

## "Guzman de Alfarache" and the Gusto Picaresco.

It is, as we are often reminded, difficult to believe nowadays that there was a time when it took five days to travel from London to York. To anyone who subscribes to a lending library, reads the reviews, or even looks over the publishers' announcements, it will be scarcely less difficult to conceive a time when England produced no novels and subsisted entirely on imported fiction. We are so accustomed to the achievements of this branch of the national industry that it has ceased to excite in us any feeling of admiration or astonishment. We are immensely proud of our machinery. When we particularly want to impress, please, or puzzle any foreign potentate who visits us, we take him down to Woolwich, and show him how easily and quickly a Woolwich infant may be brought into the world; or to Birmingham or Manchester, where he sees a sheet of metal in the twinkling of an eye converted into steel pens, or some fluffy stuff passing through a mad whirl of wheels and coming out at the other end as shirting. Unhappily, it is not possible to exhibit the actual mechanical process which produces with such wonderful rapidity the enormous amount of fiction required by the British nineteenth-century public. There is, unfortunately, no way of astonishing Sultan, Seyyid, or Shah by presenting to his eyes an example of applied mechanics dealing with, for instance, a forged will, a false marriage, a family feud, a curate more or less Anglican, a guardsman more or less diabolical, or any similar raw material, and spinning, twisting, and weaving the whole into the article of commerce known by the trade as a novel of the season, three vols. octavo, price one pound eleven and sixpence. Nevertheless, the manufacture is a scarcely less remarkable triumph of modern skill and enterprise, more especially if we bear in mind that its present prodigious development is altogether a growth of our own days. The tremendous activity in the fiction market presents, indeed, a striking contrast to the sluggishness of business in those days when a few pieces of work turned out by a few irregular hands like Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, or Sterne amply sufficed to meet the demand for entertaining literature; not to speak of that remoter and still more backward age—the handloom period in the history of novel-weaving—when our simple ancestors were contented with the fabrics of Mrs. Aphra Behn and the ingenious Mrs. Manley, a coarse web according to our taste, but very fine in their uneducated eyes.

These, however, were at any rate English; but before the Restoration

native ingenuity does not appear to have been capable of even so moderate an effort as the fabrication of a serviceable intrigue, and the novel-readers of England were wholly dependent upon the productions of the foreigner. This was the age of those shabby folios with high-sounding titles upon which the explorer sometimes lights among the remoter shelves of an old country-house library—"Cassandra," "Clelia," "Astrea: a Romance," "Ibrahim; or, the Illustrious Bassa," "Artamanes; or, the Grand Cyrus," and the like; volumes for the most part describing themselves as "written by eminent wits and englished by persons of quality," and in bulk, type, and appearance as unsuggestive of light reading as books well could be. It is in such company that *Guzman de Alfarache* is most frequently found in these days, but the proverb which makes company an index to character does not hold good in this case. The works of D'Urfé, Gomberville, La Calprenède, and the Scudérys, which gave employment to the translators and, it is to be presumed, entertainment to the readers of England about the middle of the seventeenth century, were all mere offshoots of the earlier forms of fiction, the romances of chivalry and the prose pastorals. As M. Demogeot says in his *History of French Literature*, "le bucher de Cervantes n'étouffa pas toute la race chevaleresque; le roman héroïque, malencontreux phénix, en sortit sain et sauf pour l'ennui du xviii<sup>e</sup> siècle." They were, in fact, nothing more than modifications of the old romances, and, like the old romances, they sought to lead the reader into a world as far removed as possible from the world of his experience, and to interest him by the representation of personages, incidents, sentiments, and motives of action as unlike those of real life as the author's imagination could make them. *Guzman de Alfarache* was constructed on a plan exactly the opposite of this. It was an example of the new form of fiction which had come into existence in the sixteenth century. The great movement of the time, the gravitation towards fact, which had made itself felt in theology, in philosophy, in science, and in art, extended even to fiction, and gave birth to a new species of romance; one that laid its scenes, not in vague regions peopled by impossible knights and shepherds, but in the crowded highways of everyday life, and appealed not to the sentimental instincts of the reader, but to his sympathy with the weaknesses, wants, and humours of flesh and blood.

The first essay in this direction was the little Spanish tale of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the origin, character, and place in literature of which have been already dealt with in these pages.\* *Guzman de Alfarache*, also a Spanish tale, was the next, or at least the next that has come down to us. At first sight it may seem strange that Spain, of all countries, should have been the one to take the initiative in substituting a realistic for a romantic school of fiction; but the reason is not far to seek. Spain was the country where the romantic fiction—not only the chivalric but also the pastoral—reached the highest pitch of luxuriance, and the only country where its effects upon

\* Cornhill Magazine, June 1875.

the popular taste assumed the magnitude of an evil ; it would be, therefore, naturally the quarter where a reaction might be expected. In the next place Spanish society presented some especially striking contrasts to the pictures which the romantic writers were fond of drawing. No characters, for instance, could well have been more dissimilar than the heroes of the romances, and the actual knights errant—the vagabond *chevaliers d'industrie* by whom Spain was overrun in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and if we are to trust contemporary evidence there was as little Arcadian innocence as there was princely magnificence, in the life of the middle and lower classes at the same time. Incongruities of this sort could not long escape notice among people gifted with a sense of humour ; and, whatever doubts there may be as to the possession of humour by the other Latin races, there can be none in the case of the Spaniards. The novels written in the *gusto picaresco*, as the style in time came to be called, were a very natural result of these circumstances. They were not, of course, designedly burlesques upon the fashionable fiction of the day, but in effect they travestied its salient features. Everything in them was of the familiar type : the incidents were those of everyday occurrence within the experience of the reader ; the scenes were carefully copied from life, a marked preference being given to low life ; the aims, actions, and sentiments of the characters were studiously unheroic, and in their heroes every one of the knightly virtues of the old romances was conspicuous by its absence. For these last they had the advantage of a large and well-recognised class to draw from. Among the unwholesome growths bred by the decay of Spain during the reigns of the Philips was the swarm of idlers that infested the kingdom—the pauper hidalgos who, in the words of Espinel, “mas quieren padecer necesidades que ser oficiales,” who preferred to endure any straits rather than stoop to work ; and the picares, who to an equal repugnance to labour added an entire unscrupulousness as to the means by which the wants of life were to be supplied. These, especially the latter, and their shifts and contrivances, adventures and mishaps, offered tempting materials for a school of fiction founded on principles diametrically opposed to those which governed the writers of the chivalry and pastoral romances.

*Guzman de Alfarache* appeared in 1599, at the commencement as well of the Augustan age of Spanish literature as of the reign which confirmed the downward tendency of the national fortunes. No work of the age, not even *Don Quixote*, which followed it six years later, had so great or so immediate a success ; and it is only when we come to modern times, to Scott or Dickens, that we find in the history of literature anything like so rapid or so wide a popularity. According to a statement which, as Ticknor says, there is no reason to question, at least twenty-six editions, amounting to upwards of 50,000 copies, of the first part had been produced within six years after its first appearance, and within three it had been already translated into French and Italian. Versions appeared later in Portuguese, German, Dutch, and Latin ; the



last a curious one, by Caspar Ens, author of the *Epidorpidæ*, which, from the number of editions it passed through, seems to have been popular. Into English it had the good fortune of being translated by a gentleman and a scholar familiar with the language, literature, and life of Spain, James Mabbe, "Don Diego Puede-Ser" (i.e. "may-be"), as he punningly called himself, sometime Fellow of Magdalen, Oxford, and afterwards secretary to the Earl of Bristol, the English ambassador at the Court of Madrid in the reign of James I.

There were many excellent translations of masterpieces of foreign literature produced in England at that time—Fairfax's *Tasso*, Harrington's *Ariosto*, Bartholomew Yong's version of the *Dianas* of Montemayor, Perez, and Polo; Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Florio's *Montaigne*; and Mabbe's *Guzman* is not the least meritorious among the number. He is much more sparing of interpolations of his own, and more faithful to his task than most of the old translators, and his style, if sometimes a little tinged with the pedantry of the day, is generally vigorous, idiomatic, and clear, with, moreover, a certain well-bred air about it, which no doubt helped to recommend the book to a higher class of readers than the English version of its predecessor, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, found favour with. To the student of Spanish literature it is especially valuable, as Mabbe worked in scholarly fashion, annotating copiously from Covarrubias and other sources, wherever the text seemed to require elucidation; and his notes on phrases, customs, and proverbs (in which last *Guzman* is even richer than *Don Quixote*) are often curious and always worth reading. It is pleasant to see that his industry and conscientiousness did not go unrewarded; for his translation, published in 1623, in the same year with the famous first folio of *Shakespeare*, and, like it, with commendatory verses by Ben Jonson, had reached a fourth edition in 1656, eight years before a third of *Shakespeare* was called for.

Of Mateo Aleman, the author of the original, less perhaps is known than of any man of equal distinction in Spanish literature. He seems to have had little or no intercourse, friendly or otherwise, with the leading men of his day. They complimented one another profusely in those times, and they occasionally said things of each other which were not complimentary. But Aleman's name does not appear for good or bad, except in some Latin verses of Espinel's prefixed to the *Guzman*, and in some lines of Lope de Vega's to another work. He is not mentioned by Cervantes in the *Viage al Parnaso*, nor by Lope in the *Laurel de Apolo*, poems that almost read like a register of all the scribblers of Spain. It has been argued that Cervantes was jealous of his popularity as a novelist; but the conjecture only rests on one or two passages which do not necessarily involve a reference to any individual, and, *à priori*, such jealousy is very unlike Cervantes. It is only the small men of this world who are always fancying that there is not room enough in it for themselves as well as for their neighbours; and Cervantes, who bore with such dignity the inordinate popularity of Lope de Vega, was not

likely to feel sore at so moderate and legitimate a success as that of Aleman. Even the industrious Nicolas Antonio, although a fellow-townsmen and almost a contemporary, was unable to add anything material to the account given of Aleman by his friend Valdes in the second part of the *Guzman*. It is uncertain when he was born and when he died, and all that is positively known about him is that he was a Sevillian by birth, that for many years he held the important office of *Contador de Resultas* in the Treasury of Philip II.; that, being strictly upright, he was unable to make official life remunerative, and forsook it for literature; that, besides his novel, he wrote a life of San Antonio of Padua, and a treatise on Castilian orthography; and that, notwithstanding the prodigious success of his *Guzman*, he was none the richer for it.\* The title of the book conveys a hint of the spirit in which it was written. The authors of the romances of chivalry were fond of giving imposing geographical designations to their heroes, like Amadis de Gaula, Belianis de Grecia, Palmerin de Inglaterra, Felixmarte de Hircania, and, in mockery, the authors of the new school of fiction chose for theirs obscure or ludicrous local titles. It is not the least humorous touch in *Don Quixote* that the country selected for the knight should be the dullest, ugliest, and most unromantic tract in the whole Spanish plateau. The founder of the school is connected with the Tormes, the shabbiest river in Spain, perhaps, except the Manzanares. Espinel's hero took his title of nobility from the petty mountain village of Obregon, near Santander, and not far, by the way, from that Santillana which the world knows best as the birthplace of Gil Blas. In the same manner Aleman dignifies his Guzman by describing him as of Alfarache, a small village forming a kind of suburb, and a not particularly reputable one, of Seville.

Like all the romances of the same family except the two by Cervantes (for *Don Quixote* is by birth a member of the family), Aleman's novel is cast in the form of an autobiography. The keynote of the picaresque fiction is struck at the very outset by Guzman apologising, with an admirable assumption of sincerity, for exposing the errors of his parents, and introducing himself as the issue of an intrigue between the wife of an old Sevillian gentleman and a Genoese adventurer, whose discreditable antecedents are detailed at some length. He thus adroitly prepares the reader for his own moral laxity, and for the candour with which he publishes it. Being in a measure congenital, he can treat it as a defect for which he is not responsible, something like a hump or a squint, which he cannot help and should rather be pitied for. By the deaths of his two fathers, as he pleasantly calls them, and

\* It is not unlikely that Aleman may have been of German descent, as the name implies. It is very uncommon in Spain, and in the few instances in which it occurs it seems to indicate a German origin. He may possibly have been descended from the printer Meynardo Ungut Aleman, who flourished in Seville at the end of the fifteenth century.



the poverty of his mother, he is driven to seek his fortune, and, in the true spirit of a Spanish vagabond, he starts "to see the world, travelling from place to place and commending himself to God and well-disposed people." His adventures on the road and in wayside inns are very much of the sort Le Sage was so fond of describing; a sort of adventure and description which filtered through *Gil Blas*, pervades *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*, and comes to us with nineteenth century modifications in the pages of *Pickwick*. Indeed, although it would be difficult to point to any instance in which Le Sage has directly borrowed from *Guzman de Alfarache*, no work of the school probably had indirectly more influence on the creation of *Gil Blas*. In *Guzman*, too, we have the first instance of tales introduced into the narrative, just as the novel of "The Curious Impertinent" is introduced in *Don Quixote*; a device of which Le Sage, Fielding, Smollett, and, in our own day, Dickens, freely availed themselves, and which is interesting as a survival of the art of the Italian *novellieri* and their predecessors the Oriental storytellers. One of these tales is commonly said to have furnished the underplot for Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*; but the same story is told by Masuccio and by Parabosco, either of whom is more likely to have been the source than Aleman. Guzman was too much of a philosopher to struggle against destiny, or instinct, whichever it was that impelled him towards a vagabond career. He admits, indeed, that he made one attempt at gaining at honest living; but it was in the capacity of stable boy to a roguish innkeeper, and his main duty was cheating his master's guests in the matter of corn, so that it can be hardly considered a serious deviation into the paths of rectitude. At any rate he did not long persist in it; his spirit craved a wider field of action, and he started for Madrid, begging his way. There he fell in with other adventurers somewhat of his own sort, who put him up to the necessary tricks and contrivances; and what with cheating and thieving, and the victuals distributed at the monasteries, and his occasional earnings as a market porter (which calling he affected to save himself from being taken up for a rogue and vagabond), he led so easy and independent a life that he confesses he would not have changed it for that of the best of his ancestors. For a time his operations were on a small scale, but one day an opportunity for bolder practice offered itself, and he promptly availed himself of it. Being employed by one of his customers to carry a sum of money, he took advantage of the crowd to make off with it, and escaping from Madrid, got to Toledo, where he set up as a gallant on the plunder. Retribution speedily followed, and in the usual way. It has ever been one of woman's missions to be the instrument by which gay roguery, sooner or later, is punished, and the rule was proved in Guzman's case by a clever Toledan lady, who made a victim of him while he flattered himself he was making a conquest of her. He then enlisted as a soldier for service in Italy under a captain as unscrupulous as himself, on whose behalf he pilfered, plundered, and cheated the

unfortunate people on whom they were billeted on the march, undergoing mock punishment when detected, with due resignation. This part of the tale gives a lively idea of some of the penalties which Spain had to pay for military pre-eminence in the reigns of Charles V. and Philip II. Landed at Genoa, he got his discharge from his captain, who frankly told him he was afraid to keep so great a rogue in his service. As his father was a Genoese, he sought after his relations, and at length found an uncle, who, however, only recognised him by having him tossed in a blanket. He then relapsed into his old way of living, and joined a fraternity of beggars, whose philosophy and code of rules, set forth at full length, furnish some of the most amusing pages in the book. One trick which he learned—that of dressing up a sore leg artistically—stood him in such good stead afterwards at Rome that he was taken into the house of a compassionate cardinal, where, by the connivance of a couple of knavish surgeons (almost everyone in the book is either a knave or a dupe), a cure was effected, greatly to their credit and profit, and Guzman was retained as page in the cardinal's service. His instincts, however, proved too strong for him, and for repeated pilfering, gambling, and cheating he received his dismissal, but was immediately taken into the house of the French ambassador as a kind of jester, in which service he is left at the close of the first part of the work.

It will be seen from this slight sketch that in structure, plan, and movement the tale is precisely of the same sort as *Gil Blas*, the main difference lying in the superior finish imparted to his work by the later novelist. But there is also this difference, that *Gil Blas*, if not exactly a dignified or a moral character, yet shows some desire at least to stand fairly well in the reader's good opinion, while Guzman, on the other hand, is entirely devoid of everything in the nature of self-respect. Not only does he seem to take a positive pleasure in depicting himself as a thief, a liar, a cheat, and a hypocrite, but he never misses an opportunity of showing himself in a degrading or contemptible light. It should be observed, however, that there are, properly speaking, two Guzmans in the field. One is the acting Guzman, the actual perpetrator of the rogueries which he describes with such glee; the other the older and graver Guzman, who plays the part of chorus and comments in an edifying strain on the follies and delinquencies of his younger self. This duality should be borne in mind, because otherwise there would seem to be a certain amount of inconsistency in Guzman when we find him discoursing plausibly on the beauty of honesty or gratitude, and in the next sentence, perhaps, telling us, as if it was the best of jokes, how he robbed his benefactor. The contrivance is not a bad one for the author's purpose, for it enables him to offer any quantity of merely entertaining matter, while he is at the same time ostensibly carrying out the object which he claims to have in view—the discouragement of vice by examples of its consequences.

It is curious how shy the early masters of realistic fiction were of admitting that they had any thought of giving amusement to their

readers. Almost all the picaresque novelists are eager in their protestations that all they seek in their faithful representations of real life is to warn ingenuous youth against the snares and pitfalls that beset its path through this world. The *instructions morales* contained in *Gil Blas* are its strong points, according to Le Sage. Defoe, whose *Colonel Jack*, *Moll Flanders*, *Roxana*, and *Captain Singleton* are all obviously modelled after the *gusto picaresco* romance, always insists strongly upon his moral purpose. Even Smollett, in the preface to *Roderick Random*, would persuade us that the aim of that severe book is to excite generous indignation against the sordid and vicious disposition of the world. Aleman's didactic intention manifests itself in frequent long, and often long-winded, moralisings on the frailties and follies of mankind, which would be, to most modern tastes, intolerably dry, were they not liberally larded with racy old proverbs and quaint and shrewd reflections. This kind of writing, however, was one of the literary fashions of the age, and these disquisitions no doubt contributed largely to the popularity of *Guzman* at home and abroad. But unquestionably its main attraction lay in the truth and vigour with which the scenes and characters of real life are drawn; and this is proved by a fact, of which Aleman complains pathetically in his second part, that, whereas he called his book *Atalaya de la Vida Humana* (*The Watch-Tower of Human Life*), people had fastened the name of "Picaro" on it, so that it was known by no other. But a more vexatious proof of the popularity of Guzman's adventures was the publication of a spurious continuation of them, forestalling the second part which Aleman had promised, and spoken of as already partly written. The case of Cervantes and Avellaneda was almost completely anticipated, but it must be owned that Aleman took the affront with better temper than Cervantes, though the grievance in his case was greater. The language of Cervantes at the end of the first part of *Don Quixote* is very uncertain as to the production of a second, and indeed seems almost to invite another pen to the task—"forse altri canterà con miglior plettro." And then he allowed eight years to pass without making any sign. It is true that he announced a continuation the year before Avellaneda produced his false *Quixote*, but it is at any rate possible that the latter may have been then written, and that the author was not willing to see his labour thrown away. In fact, Cervantes had himself to blame for the injury that was done to him; but in Aleman's case the hardship was much more real, for the counterfeit *Guzman* came out three years after the appearance of the original,\* and was based, it seems, upon Aleman's own continuation, to the manuscript of which the author had in some way obtained access. Nevertheless Aleman, though he protests strongly against the appropriation, candidly

\* Ticknor says the spurious second part was first printed at Madrid in 1603; but Mr. Quaritch of Piccadilly had, not long ago, a copy of an edition dated Barcelona, 1602, which seems, however, to have been printed in 1601.

admits the merit of the work, and even says he would have been proud to be the author of it. This, however, was perhaps merely judicious magnanimity, for it is higher praise than an impartial critic would give. The spurious *Guzman* is far superior in style to the spurious *Quixote*, and much less coarse and vulgar, but it is at best a mediocre production.

Aleman was not only more good-humoured than Cervantes, but he showed more humour in his retaliation. Instead of losing his temper and calling his imitator a blockhead, as he had to re-write his second part, he availed himself of the opportunity and made him a character in the book. The false *Guzman* claimed to be the work of one Mateo Luxan de Sayavedra, an assumed name, like "Avellaneda," and this Sayavedra Aleman introduced into the novel, making him servant to Guzman and a still greater thief and scoundrel than his master; \* and he also slyly contrives to identify him with one Juan Marti, a Valencian advocate, who is supposed to have been the real author. A large portion of the story is taken up with the joint rogueries of the worthy pair, and finally Sayavedra makes an end of himself as they are on their way back to Spain by jumping overboard in a fit of delirium, in the course of which he had fancied himself to be Guzman, and mentioned several of the incidents of the spurious *Life*, "which, however, nobody paid any attention to, for everyone saw he was mad." The rest of the book is made up of Guzman's adventures in Spain. He returned to Madrid, where he married for money and set up in business, but his wife dying, he was forced to refund the money he got with her; and then the bright idea struck him that, with his antecedents and knowledge of life, the Church was his true vocation. With this view he went through the necessary studies at the University of Alcalá, but just as he was ready to take orders he fell in love—that is to say, so far as the heroes of these tales ever succumbed to that passion—for love, it should be observed, plays but a small part in the machinery of these primitive novels: its value as a source of motion in realistic fiction was a discovery of comparatively modern times. He married the object of his choice, who proved in every way worthy of him, and the scandalous life they led is described by Guzman with his usual sententious effrontery. At last, however, the lady, weary of him and still more of his old mother, whom he had taken to live with him, eloped with one of her numerous lovers, and he, being in consequence thrown upon his own resources, betook himself once more to his old profession, and performed some notable rogueries (such as selling the tiles off a house in which he had been charitably given a lodging), until, on the recommendation of a too credulous friar, he was taken into the service of a wealthy lady, whom, it is needless to say, he promptly robbed. For this he was sent to the

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\* Dickens, it may be remembered, revenges himself in a somewhat similar manner in *Nicholas Nickleby* on the dramatic authors who had, in much the same fashion appropriated the product of *his* invention,

galleys, but having the good luck to become privy to a conspiracy among his fellow-convicts, which he revealed to the authorities, he was set at liberty; and his memoirs end with a promise of a continuation if, as he unctuously puts it, he has not in the meantime exchanged this transitory life for that which is the hope of the faithful—a promise, however, which was never fulfilled.

That such a book should have achieved so wide a popularity, abroad as well as at home, is not a little significant of the state of Europe at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Characters like Guzman must have been pretty common in society to ensure the recognition of such a hero as one of the actualities of everyday life; and society itself must have been curiously tolerant of rascality when unblushing confessions like these could have been relished as charming light reading. It is undoubtedly a work of genius, but of a far lower order of genius than its predecessor, *Lazarillo de Tormes*. It abounds with invention, imagination, and graphic power, but the reader never feels himself in the presence of a master who can infuse the breath of life into his imaginings, and whose scenes he can realise without any supplemental effort of his own fancy. Nor has it anything of that finer humour which pervades the sketches and descriptions of the *Lazarillo*, nor even of the light-hearted fun that Mendoza's little scamp throws into his mishaps and rogueries. Still it is a thoroughly original work, full of character, shrewd observation, and pictures of life and manners that are at once lively and lifelike; and appearing at a time when amusing books were few, it not unnaturally found favour with the multitude, and became the model on which subsequent attempts in the same line were shaped.

The first of these, in order of publication, was not a happy one. It was the strange book called *La Picara Justina*, professedly by one Francisco Lopez de Ubeda, but in reality by a Dominican monk, Andres Perez of Leon, which appeared in 1605, in the same year with the second part of the *Guzman* and the first of *Don Quixote*. This, as the title implies, is the life and adventures of a sort of female Guzman, and is obviously an imitation of Aleman's work. The author, in his prologue, pretends that it was written while he was a student at Alcalá, but that it was "somewhat augmented after the appearance of the admired book of the *Picaro*;" but, if so, the augmentation must have included a good deal of re-writing, for the influence of *Guzman* is almost everywhere traceable. He has, however, none of Aleman's invention, observation, or knowledge of life and character, and can only imitate his meditative and philosophical digressions. The style, too, shows that it must have been written not long before it was published, for it is a striking example of the mannerism which began to infect prose as well as poetry early in the seventeenth century. The idea to be expressed is always made subordinate to the mode of expressing it, and there is throughout that constant effort to say commonplace things in an unusual way which characterised the contemporary school of the Euphuists in England. Of story, inci-



dent, or adventure there is little or nothing, the substance of the book being merely tedious accounts of Justina's wanderings, interspersed with descriptions of wayside-inn life which might be amusing if they could be stripped of their cold conceits and intolerable verbiage. It does not seem to have had any influence on the branch of literature to which it belongs, and the only interest attaching to it arises from its connection with Cervantes. Although published in 1605, it was licensed in August 1604, or four months earlier than the date of the license of *Don Quixote*. Nevertheless in some doggrel verses prefixed to one of the chapters, Justina speaks of herself as "more famous than Don Quixote, or Lazarillo, or Alfarche, or Celestina;" so that, unless the date be a mistake or the verses a subsequent addition, we have Cervantes' novel while still an unpublished book ranked with the three most popular fictions of Spain. Evidence, however, is not wanting to show that *Don Quixote* was pretty widely known before it was in print, for there is a spiteful letter of Lope's of about the same date which refers to it, and hints that no poet could be found to write commendatory verses for it.

But the compliment did not prevent Cervantes from judging of the *Picara Justina* on its merits. It is one of the very few books attacked in the *Journey to Parnassus*, where he describes the author of it coming on "with fluttering skirts and sweating, and, like a culverin, discharging his big book," to the damage of the orthodox poets; on which one of their sentinels warned them to stoop their heads, as "the opposite party was about to let fly another novel." On this passage an ingenious and erudite commentator on Cervantes, Don Nicolas Diaz de Benjumea, has founded a theory on the vexed question of authorship of the Avellaneda continuation of *Don Quixote*. He believes that the "otra novela" was the spurious sequel, and that Andres Perez was, if not "Avellaneda," at any rate a *collaborateur*; and he further points out that "Pedro Noriz," mentioned in the second part of *Don Quixote*, c. 62, looks like a kind of anagram of "Andres Perez," and that Cervantes must have had some strong reason for his bitterness against a book which had been complimentary to him. On this point, however, the words used afford a sufficient explanation. Cervantes, whose own style is a model of ease and clearness, would naturally detest a style laboured, loose, and vague, like that of the *Picara*, and nothing could more happily describe it than "haldeando y trasudando." But, apart from this, the theory is not consistent with dates. It is true that Avellaneda's *Quixote* and the *Journey to Parnassus* appeared nearly together in July 1614, but the latter, as we know by the prologue to the *Novelas Ejemplares*, was already written more than a year before that time. Besides, if there is anything certain in this matter, it is that Cervantes had no knowledge or even suspicion of any production like Avellaneda's when he was writing the 58th chapter of the second part, where the Don and Sancho are still bound for Saragossa, which destination they suddenly change for Barcelona in the next chapter, on account of the discovery of the spurious

*Quixote*. This was some time after the appearance of Avellaneda's book and of the *Journey*, for, from the date of Sancho's letter, it is clear that Cervantes had only written as far as chapter 36 on the 20th of July, 1614.

Cervantes himself appears among the picaresque novelists. *Don Quixote* of course is not to be included among the works of the *gusto picaresco*, although it is unquestionably of the same family. Like them it is a product of the opposition to and reaction against the popular fiction of the sixteenth century, and it is, therefore, like them, intensely realistic. It is, in truth, the story of the collision between fancy and fact—of a man regulating his movements in accordance with the laws of an imaginary world, and so knocking his poor head at every turn against the hard facts of the actual world in which he has to move. There is no such subtle motive as this underlying the picaresque novels. Their treatment of fact is purely objective, and their purpose simply to show life, or some phase of it, as it really is. One of the earliest works of Cervantes was an effort in this direction. It is the little tale of *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, the third of his *Novelas Ejemplares*, and the best of them, except the exquisite novelet of *The Gitanilla*. He mentions it in the first part of *Don Quixote*, and there can be no doubt that he wrote it between 1588 and 1598, when he was employed as purveyor and collector of taxes at Seville.

It is an unfinished sketch of low life in that city, then, as now, a favourite haunt of the picaro class, and it has all the vitality and freshness of a sketch taken on the spot by the hand of a master. Bouterwek calls it "a comic romance in miniature," but it is more like a Hogarth in words. It is simply a picture of a fraternity of thieves, under the presidency of one Monipodio, a sort of compound of Jonathan Wild and Duke Hildebrod in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, by whom Rinconete and Cortadillo, two young vagabonds somewhat of the Lazarillo de Tormes type, are admitted to practice in Seville. But, however slight its pretensions to the character of a romance may be, it is of interest in the history of fiction, for it is Cervantes' first attempt at drawing from the life; and in his sketches of Monipodio's gang, and of their quarrels, their carouses, their systematic rascality, and their grotesque piety, he gave the foretaste of that humour which has made Sancho Panza a citizen of the world.

But though undoubtedly written some time before *Don Quixote*, it was not printed till 1613, when it appeared as one of the twelve tales in virtue of which Cervantes claimed to be "the first who had written novels (*novelado*) in Castilian," a phrase implying that he did not look upon productions like *Lazarillo de Tormes* as novels, but restricted the title to short stories more or less resembling the Italian *novelle*, such as, for example, his own *Curious Impertinent*. Fictions of this kind were very numerous and popular in Spain in the first half of the seventeenth century, and now and then they present some of the features of the tales



of the picaresque school, but there is always the radical difference that they seek to interest the reader by the *intrigo*, as the dramatists of Dryden's time would have said, and not by a truthful picture of real life, manners, or human nature.

The first genuine *gusto picaresco* tale after *Rinconete y Cortadillo* was *Marcos de Obregon*, by the poet and musician Vicente Espinel, which appeared in 1618. The name will be familiar to most English readers—though, probably, not one in ten thousand has ever read the book—in connection with *Gil Blas*, which is generally said to have been founded on Espinel's novel. The statement was originally made by Voltaire in a contemptuous notice of Le Sage in the appendix to his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, in which he says that *Gil Blas* "est entièrement pris du roman espagnol intitulé *La Vidad de lo Escudiero don Marcos d'Obrego*." Never, perhaps, has self-confidence more naïvely committed itself than in this sentence. Not only are there seven mistakes in eight words, but they show that the writer could not have seen the book he quotes, and that he certainly would have been unable to read it if he had seen it. Besides, there is a slight flavour of Portuguese in the title of the "roman espagnol," which argues an ignorance of that language also; so that from these few words we may estimate the value of Voltaire's criticism on the *Araucana*, which had not been translated, and on the *Lusiad*, the translation of which he had not seen. As to *Marcos de Obregon*, the case is very simple. He got the idea from Bruzen de la Martinière, and then "generalised" it in this form. The truth is that Le Sage did borrow, and freely, from Espinel's tale. It is rich in incidents and episodes of the very sort that suited his purpose, which he took without ceremony; and, whether it was that he fancied himself safe from detection, or, as is more likely, never troubled his head about it, he made no effort to conceal the fact that he *had* taken them. One of the first acts of the ordinary thief is to remove all names from the stolen goods, but Le Sage, in some instances, left the names in the tales he annexed standing just as he found them. Thus the story of the *garçon barbier* in the first volume of *Gil Blas* is merely a *refacimento* of the commencement of *Marcos de Obregon*, retaining both his name and that of Doña Mergelina. In the same manner both the name and story of Camilla, who cheated Gil Blas of his ring, are taken from *Marcos*. In one instance Le Sage thought to make an improvement in his original by changing "Dr. Sagredo" into "Dr. Sangrado;" but, seeing that it was the Doctor's patients, and not himself, who were "bled," the alteration cannot be called a happy one. Other examples of his appropriations are to be found in the apologue of the two students in the address to the reader, which is improved out of Espinel's prologue; the story of Don Raphael being carried off by the corsairs and his adventures at Algiers, which are closely copied from the adventures of Marcos himself; and the story of Gil Blas and the flatterer, who supped at his expense at Peñaflor, and of the amorous muleteer a few pages farther on. To these

may be added a few minor touches, like Don Mathias saying it was unreasonable to expect a man who, even for a party of pleasure, would not get up before noon, to rise at six to fight a duel. In fact, it was Le Sage's practice to avail himself of any adaptable joke, incident, or tale, just as Dickens, for example, availed himself of the story over which Dr. Johnson and Beauclerk had their memorable quarrel to expand it into Sam Weller's immortal legend of the man that killed himself on principle; nor is Espinel the only author he borrowed from, for he levied contributions on some of the dramatists also. This is the extent of his obligations to *Marcos de Obregon*. For structure, form, and local colour he was no doubt indebted to *Guzman*, the *Gran Tacaño*, and *Estebanillo Gonzalez*, but all else in *Gil Blas* is his own. The scenery, the costumes—in short, all the "properties"—are Spanish; and, as the work of a man who never set foot in Spain, it is a marvel that they are so truly Spanish. But the *dramatis personæ* are all French; and as for Gil Blas himself, he has not a Spanish bone in his body. He is as thorough a Frenchman as Dumas' D'Artagnan or Prevost's Chevalier des Grieux. Certainly Le Sage borrowed nothing in the way of plot or construction from *Marcos de Obregon*. It opens with an exordium in praise of patience, and we are given to understand that its object is to show the advantages of cultivating that virtue. But it is difficult to see how the tale effects this purpose, unless, indeed, it be through the example of a hermit in whose cell Marcos is detained by a sudden storm and flood, and to whom he relates the history of his youth, a narrative occupying the best part of two days, and considerably more than two-thirds of the book. In justice to Marcos, it must be admitted that the strictly narrative portion and the tales and episodes introduced are told with spirit, but they are over-weighted by the long-winded and prosy discourses with which he seasons them; and most readers will sympathise with the alacrity with which the good hermit, "perhaps," as Marcos candidly owns, "tired of listening so long," points out that the flood has gone down and the bridge become passable.

Another book of very much the same character is *Alonso, the Servant of many Masters*, or, as it came to be called in later editions, *El Donado Habrador* (*The Loquacious Lay Brother*), by Geronimo Yanez y Rivera, the first volume of which appeared in 1624, and the second two years later. It is even more awkwardly constructed than *Marcos de Obregon*, being cast in the form of a dialogue throughout; but it is in other respects much on a par with it. Le Sage, apparently, was not aware of its existence, as he has taken nothing from it, though there is more to suit his purpose than in Espinel's novel. It is far richer in pictures of Spanish life and society, some of which, especially those of university and military life, are very graphic and obviously truthful; and, besides, it abounds with short stories of the jest-book order, one of which, indeed, is actually taken from the great Spanish *Joe Miller*, the *Floresta Española* of Melchior de Santa Cruz. It is the tale of the

Franciscan monk who, being barefoot, was persuaded to carry his fellow-traveller, a Dominican, across a river, but halfway over finding the burden heavier than he had bargained for asked the other if he had any money about him, and, on the Dominican replying that he had six reals in his pocket, at once dropped him into the stream, saying, "You should have told me that before: don't you know our Order is forbidden to carry money?" Another, which has a decided smack of the Italian salt, and is quoted by Burton in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, is the story of the magic water with which a lady, complaining of the quarrelsome temper of her husband, was advised to fill her mouth whenever he began to scold, taking care to keep it there as long as he was in the room.

But in the same year (1626) there appeared at Saragossa a much more important book than either of these, or than any of the class except the *Lazarillo* and the *Guzman*. This was the *Vida del Buscon Don Pablos, Exemplo de Vagamundos y Espejo de Tacaños*, by no less an author than Quevedo, who, not content with distinction as a poet, a satirist, a dramatist, a biographer, and a theologian, enrolled himself among the novelists in this way. The book is better known as the *Gran Tacaño*, which may be roughly translated as "Arch-Rascal," the original title probably proving too clumsy, and not very apt, as "buscon" means rather a petty pilferer than a clever, unscrupulous scoundrel, such as Don Pablos really was. It is a tale somewhat like the *Lazarillo* and the *Guzman*, but, as might be expected from a man of Quevedo's original genius, it has a strongly-marked individuality and character of its own. It is the history of a model scamp, whose father was a barber who robbed his customers while shaving them, and whose mother was a practitioner in quackery, a dealer in the black art, and a professional go-between, a character which seems to have had a special attraction for Spanish writers ever since the time of the Archpriest of Hita and of the *Celestina*. Nevertheless, he ingratiated himself so much with a schoolfellow, the son of a wealthy hidalgo, that when the latter was going to the University of Alcalá he took young Paul with him, partly as a companion, partly as a kind of servant, a relationship which, according to the novelists, was very common in Spain at that time, and to which many a humbly-born youth owed a university education. Their adventures on the road from Segovia to Alcalá are quite in the manner of Le Sage at his best. In fact, in reading the *Tacaño* the conviction again and again forces itself on the mind that Le Sage must have had the book at his fingers' ends; but there is a gratuitous coarseness at times which the artistic instinct of Le Sage would never have permitted. The same may be said of the descriptions of student life at Alcalá, which are full of broad humour, and are evidently reminiscences of Quevedo's own residence there. The students of his time are not painted in flattering colours. It would be difficult to imagine a more abominable set of young monkeys. Indeed, it is unjust to compare them with monkeys, for they seem to have been far more like Yahoos, and it was their pleasant practice to welcome a newly-arrived freshman in

much the same manner as Captain Gulliver describes himself to have been welcomed by the Yahoos the first time he encountered them.

Nor is this to be set down as mere novelist's exaggeration, for the truth of the picture is vouched for by more than one contemporary, and in the *Donado Hablador* we have a very similar account of the ways of the students at the sister university of Salamanca. Among these youths Paul, by force of character, soon came to be a leading spirit and prime mover in every enterprise against the peace and property of the townsfolk of Alcalá. His studies were, however, interrupted by a letter from his uncle, the hangman of Segovia, announcing the death of his father. "He died," said the letter, "with as much fortitude as any man ever did; you may take my word for it, for I hanged him myself. The convict's jacket fitted him as if it had been made for him. He mounted the ladder, not running up like a cat, nor yet too slowly; and observing one of the rounds broken, he pointed it out to the sheriff, and begged him to have it mended against the next occasion. In fact, I cannot tell you how he pleased everybody. I quartered him afterwards, and God knows it grieves me to see him furnishing an ordinary to the crows." The letter goes on to say that, as for his mother, though she is not exactly dead, she is the next thing to it, as the Inquisition has got hold of her for practising witchcraft; so that, upon the whole, Paul may as well consider himself an orphan, and come and take possession of the family property; in addition to which the affectionate uncle proposes to make him his heir, adding, "With your knowledge of Latin and rhetoric you will make a rare hangman." The last sentence illustrates the difficulty of translating Spanish humour. It is quite impossible to do full justice to the pompous gravity of "sereis singular en el arte de verdugo." The whole letter is a good specimen of Quevedo's peculiar humour. He has been called the Spanish Voltaire, and no doubt in the turn of his mind he bears a certain resemblance to the great Frenchman. But an English reader will be far oftener reminded of Swift than of Voltaire in Quevedo's humorous and satirical passages. He had what Voltaire had not, or at least had only in a limited degree, and what especially characterised Swift's humour—the gift of perfect gravity while laying some preposterous absurdity before the reader. You can always catch Voltaire's grin and the twinkle of his eye in the background, but Swift and Quevedo never betray the slightest consciousness of saying anything ludicrous or anything that is not the merest and most obvious matter of fact.

Paul, however, had no mind to become his uncle's successor; and possessing himself of the money his father had left, he slipped out of Segovia, and made for Madrid. On the road he overtakes a pauper hidalgo, whose portrait may serve as a companion to that of the squire in *Lazarillo de Tormes*, but Quevedo's treatment of the character is far harder and more unsympathetic than Mendoza's. By this worthy he is instructed in the arts of life at the capital, and introduced to a kind of boarding-house frequented by rogues, vagabonds, and adventurers of various sorts, who, with their straits, shifts, and contrivances, furnish a

subject that Quevedo's humour revels in, and one that his curious knowledge of Madrid low life, as shown in his slang ballads, enabled him to depict accurately and fully. At length a clumsily-executed theft brings the authorities down on the establishment, and the whole "college," as he calls it, is consigned to prison. Here again Quevedo is in his element. Poor fellow! in the course of his own troubled life he had more than one opportunity of studying in person the humours of a Spanish gaol, and had no necessity to draw on his imagination for his details; but if we had any doubt of the truth of his sketches we have only to compare them with those of Borrow in *The Bible in Spain* to see how little the novelist has added, and how little Madrid prisons have changed in two centuries. Paul being a man of property, compared with his comrades, found little difficulty in obtaining his release by a judicious investment of his father's ducats, which he had providently secreted, and was soon restored to Madrid society, in which he endeavoured to cut a figure, and for some time succeeded, until an unlucky meeting with his old master and college companion of Alcalá led to an exposure and a not unmerited beating. All this part is so entirely in the style of *Gil Blas* that it seems more than likely that Le Sage was largely indebted to it, though he has not adopted any particular adventure, incident, or character. Paul's money being now gone and his pretensions exposed, he sought a livelihood for a while by begging as a cripple, and afterwards, in conjunction with another impostor, by stealing children and then restoring them with a trumped up story of having rescued them from under the wheels of a coach. He next joined a company of strolling players, and became an actor and dramatist, a portion of his adventures which has a special interest, as it is full of curious details relating to the drama and stage customs and practices at about the period when Lope and his school had just gained the ascendancy over the popular taste which they so long held. This career was brought to a close by the arrest for debt of the manager, and after a few amatory and gambling adventures Paul takes leave of the reader at Seville, where he is about to embark for the Indies.

If it is inferior in true humour to the *Lazarillo* and *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, in knowledge of life, wit, and satire, this novel of Quevedo's is unsurpassed by any of the picaresque school, and this makes all the more absurd the attempt of M. Germond de Lavigne to assign its composition to the period of Quevedo's boyhood. Quevedo was undoubtedly precocious. He was a graduate in theology at fifteen, a brilliant Greek, Latin, and Hebrew scholar at an unusually early age; and he had hardly attained manhood when the great Lipsius called him the "glory of Spain." But learning of this sort is a very different thing from the kind of learning that shows itself in every page of the *Gran Tacaño*; no amount of precocity will give knowledge of life, and men, and manners, and it is inconceivable how anybody with a fair share of the critical faculty, and with the book before him, could believe it to have been written by a boy in his sixteenth year. Yet this is what M. Germond de Lavigne most dogmatically asserts in the preface and notes to his



translation, first published in 1843, and re-issued in the *Collection Jannet* in 1868. It would not be worth while to contradict such an assertion made by an obscure writer, but coming from a distinguished Spanish scholar like M. Germond de Lavigne, and one who, by his translations of Avellaneda and the *Celestina*, has a claim to rank as an authority on Spanish literature, it deserves something more than a passing notice. All he can show in support of his theory is, that the name of Antonio Perez is mentioned in the account of one Paul's escapades at Alcalá, which proves, he thinks, that Quevedo was writing at the time when Perez was a source of uneasiness to the Spanish Court, i.e. between 1593 and 1597. But in all probability in the hoax in question we have merely a recollection of an incident of Quevedo's own student days (he says expressly that they talk of the joke at Alcalá "to this day"), and that the name of Perez was actually used as described. What could be more natural than that, writing no matter how long afterwards, he should introduce, just as it occurred, a prank in which, perhaps, he had taken part himself? At any rate, the date of a work is not to be settled on evidence like this; besides, there is evidence that the *Tacaño* was not written till at least after 1605, for Paul speaks of himself as riding from Segovia on a "Rucio de la Mancha," an obvious allusion to Sancho Panza's "Dapple;" and in an earlier chapter one of the characters says he has two plans for taking Ostend, evidently referring to the famous siege of that town by Spinola from 1601 to 1604. Nevertheless, with a curious positiveness, M. Lavigne says, "La première édition fut donc imprimée vers 1596." He does not condescend to say where this edition is to be seen, or by whom it has ever been seen. The earliest in the British Museum is that of Saragossa (1626), which all bibliographers, including Don Aureliano Guerra y Orbe, the learned and industrious editor of Quevedo's works, have always considered, and no doubt rightly, to be the first. No harm would have been done had he been content with this, but unluckily near the end Paul observes that formerly there were "no comedies but those of the good Lope de Vega and Ramon," of which passage M. de Lavigne says that "there are here two errors which I have felt bound to rectify." In the first place, he says at the time when our hero flourished, Lope de Vega could not be called one of the first authors of popular comedies: "l'intention de Quevedo a été, sans nul doute, de citer Lope de Rueda, le père du théâtre espagnol;" and as to the other, he says, "Ramon m'est complètement inconnu. Il est, sans aucun doute, question de Torres Naharro;" and with true Gallic self-confidence he makes the corrections in his translation. In fact, having, in his zeal to prove the *Tacaño* the model of *Guzman*, invented an impossible date for the book, he alters the text to suit it, and in doing so destroys a valuable piece of testimony on the history of the Spanish drama. For the Ramon who is "completely unknown" to M. de Lavigne happens to be Dr. Alfonso Ramon, a dramatist mentioned with praise by more than one writer of the time, but especially by Cervantes, who, in the prologue to his comedies (1615), speaks of him very much as

Quevedo does here, as one of those to whom, next to Lope, Spanish comedy was most indebted. M. Germond de Lavigne is, indeed, rather given to rash statements. He says Rojas "did not finish the *Celestina*." Cota may have begun the *Celestina*, but Rojas certainly finished it. He says that Aleman would not have continued *Guzman* but for Luxan de Sayavedra, nor Cervantes finished *Don Quixote* but for Avellaneda. The first statement is wrong, and the second mere assertion. He says Espinel invented a form of guitar, called after him *espinela*. Espinel added a fifth string to the guitar, and is said to have invented the *decima* or stanza of ten eight-syllable lines, which is sometimes called *espinela*. He confounds Morales the actor with Morales el Divino, the painter of Badajoz, and, in short, gives a good deal of information somewhat astonishing to a Spanish student. It is to be regretted, because his translation is a very good one. It is brisk and spirited, and has the neatness and finish characteristic of the workmanship of the French *littérateur*. It is, besides, generally faithful except where he thinks he can improve upon his author. The difficulties, too, are overcome with real skill and knowledge of the language; and there is no Spanish so difficult as Quevedo's in his humorous works. He had a passion for using words in out-of-the-way senses, and for verbal gymnastics, concerts, and *tours de force* of every kind; and though he professed to be an enemy of the *conceptista* school, he was himself as great a sinner as any against simplicity and good taste. And the sin has brought its punishment with it, for the wit and humour, imagination and fancy, that would have made him one of the world's favourites lie hidden away where few care to look for them. Hence Quevedo has been generally unfortunate in his translators. L'Estrange's lively version of the *Visions* is at least as much L'Estrange as Quevedo, and the two English translations of the *Tacaño*, that of 1657 under the title of *Buscon the Witty Spaniard*, and the later one, *The Life of Paul the Sharper*, which was adopted in the Edinburgh edition of Quevedo's prose works, are rather paraphrases, and poor ones, than translations.

The *Tacaño* is almost the last of the genuine *gusto picaresco* novels. Among the numerous fictions which poured from the press during the reign of Philip IV. there were many strongly impregnated with the picaresque flavour. One or two of Salas Barbadillo's tales, such as the *Ingeniosa Helena* and the *Necio bien afortunado*, translated into English under the title of *The Lucky Idiot*, and attributed to Quevedo, are of this sort, as are one or two of those by Santos, like *Día y Noche en Madrid*, of which Le Sage made free use in his *Diable Boiteux*. The same may be said of Castillo Solorzano's tales, the *Bachiller Tropaza*, and the *Garduña de Sevilla*, called by L'Estrange and Ozell *The Spanish Polecat*; and of *Don Gregorio Guadaña*, by Antonio Henriquez Gomez, which last, indeed, claims expressly to be of the same family as the *Tacaño*, *Justina*, and *Guzman*. But in it, and still more in the others, the essential character of the picaresque fiction is wanting. There are, no doubt, many real-life touches and sketches, but they are



merely introduced incidentally: the aim and purpose of the writers are not those of the picaresque novelists—to present a picture of real life. The love of the drama was the dominant passion, and popular taste began to run in favour of fictions which were little more than stage intrigues and comedies of the *capa y espada* cast in the form of novels, like those of Doña Maria de Zayas, the Spanish Aphra Behn. Besides this, one of the symptoms of the national decay which was then making rapid progress was the disfavour shown generally to everything eminently national. The noble old ballads were being treated with contempt; the racy proverbs, brimming with sly sagacity, that the older writers quoted with such relish, were coming to be looked upon as fitting garnish for the speech of a boor; the simple, flexible old Spanish measures were giving way before inordinate sonneteering; and the clear, flowing Castilian of Mendoza, Mariana, and Cervantes was becoming an obscure jargon of conceits and affectations. Naturally, therefore, a growth so thoroughly and peculiarly Spanish as the picaresque novel could not long maintain an existence.

There is, however, one remarkable book to be noticed before the list is closed, and that is *Estebanillo Gonzalez, Hombre de Buen Humor*—"The Good-natured Fellow," as the English translators make it, though in truth it means rather a fellow who does not allow himself to be "put out" by anything. At any rate there is nothing like "good-nature" in Estebanillo's composition, for a more cynically selfish scoundrel is not to be found in the whole range of the *pícaro* heroes. It is the account of the adventures, for the most part in Italy, Germany, and Flanders, at the time of the Thirty Years' War, of a Spaniard of the Guzman de Alfarache type, but blessed with an effrontery which even that master of impudence might have envied. As a rogue, a liar, and a thief, Estebanillo is at least Guzman's equal; but while the latter shows, or affects at times, some sort of contrition, the former invariably recounts his rascality with a chuckle, as if it was the best joke in the world. Nor is this all. Shamelessness generally draws the line at cowardice. However much a man may have cast off all self-respect, he will be unwilling to confess himself utterly wanting in courage. Estebanillo, however, takes a positive delight in giving instances of his own poltroonery, as if they were the most admirable strokes of humour. He always preferred, he says, that people should say of him "here fled" rather than "here fell." At the battle of Nordlingen he describes with the utmost glee how he ran away and took shelter inside the carcase of a dead horse, which he afterwards swore had fallen under him; and at Glogau how he hid in a hay-loft, and how he fell off his horse in fright at Thionville. In short, he misses no opportunity of proving that he was in truth what he calls himself, "archigallina de gallinas" (an arch-hen of hens). But the most remarkable thing about the book is that there is no saying with certainty *what* it is. Of its author nothing is known. It has been attributed to Espinel (who was dead at the time of the events mentioned in it), and to Guevara, the author of the *Diablo Cojuelo*; but it is plain that it was

written by one who was an eye-witness of most if not all of the scenes described. He represents himself as having been eventually taken into the service of Octavio Piccolomini as a jester, and to him he dedicates this history of "his life and achievements." The question, then, remains whether the book is a novel, or in truth what it pretends to be, an autobiography. If it is a novel, it is one into which the author has with consummate skill interwoven an unusual amount of his own personal experiences. If it is an autobiography, the writer has unquestionably indulged a literary leaning to fiction. The style is detestable. It seems to be an object with the author to give the reader as much trouble as possible in making out his meaning. When Estebanillo says "bread" he may mean a sword, or he may mean a treaty of peace; the only thing that is certain is that he does not mean bread. This, so far as it goes, is an argument in favour of the idea that the book is a fiction founded upon fact, not a narrative of fact spiced with fiction, for the style is precisely that which was in vogue with the Spanish *littérateurs* of the period when they aimed at brilliancy. In either case the book is a curiosity of literature. If it be a novel, then the novelist had in no small degree Defoe's power of giving an air of verisimilitude to his inventions. If it be a personal narrative, then the narrator was a *raconteur*, whose gifts were very like those of Le Sage; and no definition, analysis, or description could convey a clearer idea of the true character and purpose of the picaresque novels of Spain than this fact, that the work with which every account of them must be closed is a narrative of which we cannot tell whether it is the *bonâ fide* memoir of a flesh and blood adventurer or the story of a creature of some novelist's brain.

Spain, as has been already observed, is the only country that has ever produced a distinct class of fictions of this sort. There are, indeed, instances of picaresque tales in other languages, such as the French *Pedrillos del Campo* and *The English Rogue*, *Meriton Latroon*, but they are professedly imitations of the Spanish style. A doubtful exception is the German tale of *Simplicissimus*, by Christoph Grimmelshausen, in which all the *gusto picaresco* features are as strongly marked as in any of the family. It may possibly have been written in imitation of the Spanish novels, just as a contemporary work, the *Visions of Philander von Sittewald*, imitated the *Visions of Quevedo*; but if so, it is no servile imitation. Simplicius, the hero, is as genuine a *picaresco* as Guzman or Pablos, but he is as German as they are Spanish, and the humour is as original as that of Jean Paul himself. Another exception is the latest and greatest of picaresque novels, Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*, though even there a Spanish origin may be traced through Fielding. *Gil Blas* is certainly an imitation, and a very close one, but it is also a great deal more than an imitation. Le Sage's merit does not lie in having imitated the Spanish novel or transplanted it successfully into French soil. He is like some far-seeing traveller, who has perceived in some outlandish herb or root virtues of which the natives who gather it are unaware, and which, by proper cultivation, may be indefinitely

increased; and to his instinct we owe it that this queer wild product of Spanish genius has not remained a mere curiosity for bookworms, but has been made to yield fruit for the amusement of mankind. Not that he himself was fully aware of its capabilities. He did not contemplate, apparently, anything more than an improved and refined picaresque novel, with the crudities removed and the piquant natural flavour preserved, and even heightened, by judicious cultivation.

It is curious to note how gradual was the development of fictions of real life. Outwardly *Gil Blas* differs but slightly from the Spanish novels Le Sage took as his models, but the differences are suggestive. *Gil Blas* himself is an undoubted scamp, but he is a very much more decorous, decent, and self-respecting scamp than his prototypes, the *pícaros*. Then the whole interest is not centered in the knaveries, adventures, and mishaps of the hero, but other personages are connected with him, and personally introduced to the reader, which in itself indicates a great step in advance towards our modern novels of real life, as it clears the way for the introduction of character. Then the potent agency of love, in a very rudimentary form it is true, makes its appearance, and exerts an influence ignored by the older novelists. In the same way Roderick Random, the lineal descendant of *Gil Blas*, shows the working of the process. His morals are very far from strict, but they indicate a far greater deference to public opinion than those of his predecessor; and Peregrine Pickle and Tom Jones, though perhaps really little better than Random, decidedly stand more in awe of the general censor, Society. In short, the discovery was only made by comparatively slow degrees that, picturesque as disreputable life may be, it is not the only real life worth painting; and that it is quite possible to construct a novel, true to nature, and at the same time entertaining, without making the hero a ruffian, a scoundrel, or a scamp. To us, accustomed as we are to regard novels as perhaps the most elaborate and complex products of literary art, it is not easy to realise so remote a stage in their development, any more than it is easy to realise that the ancestors of Society lived in caves like bears, or in lake dwellings like beavers. Nevertheless, that they did pass through such a stage is brought home to us now and then in more ways than one. How, for instance, are we to account for the occasional appearance in fashionable fiction of cynical ruffians and muscular scoundrels of the Guy Livingstone type except on the theory of "reversion," as the evolutionists would call it? What are they but features of the original savage stock reappearing after ages of civilisation in the modified offspring, just as in one of our most useful domestic animals we sometimes see traces of the markings of the parent zebra or quagga? The *pícaros* of Spanish fiction are not, perhaps, an ancestry to be proud of, but our novels are in this respect only in the same position as many other things. The stage began with a cart; the alchemists were the forefathers of Davy, Faraday, and Liebig; Rome itself rose from a gathering of vagabonds; and the modern novel may be content with an origin much like that of Rome.

## Heroes and Valets.

THE great secret of political health is the right distribution of responsibility. Public like private servants become corrupt when nobody checks their accounts, and imbecile when they are checked at every turn. Every officer in the State, as in the army, should have a sphere of discretion, subject to the general supervision of his commander. The general should be allowed to plan a campaign; the private to select an object for his bullets. The perfection of military organisation depends as much upon leaving sufficient play to component parts as in securing the unity of the whole machine. Unluckily we are apt, in this as in some other cases, to oscillate from one extreme to another; we remedy insubordination by excessive centralisation and suppose that organisation (the favourite catchword of modern reformers) implies the substitution of passive mechanism for intelligent co-operation. When in old days the hands of our rulers were untied, they helped themselves too freely from our pockets. We have since tied their hands so tight that they have a permanent cramp in their fingers. The approval of the public is not only to be the sole end of their activity, but the sole rule in each particular action. To destroy the abuse we suppress the one great stimulus to intelligent energy. The doctrine becomes important as the facility of abuse increases. We possess a most elaborate and skilful machinery, daily growing in perfection of organisation, for compelling our officials to feel that some millions of eyes are riveted upon their most trifling motions. It is no wonder if they become nervous and fidgety, and are sometimes more anxious to avoid failure than to pluck success from danger. "What will they say in England!" was a very good question at the proper moment, but a general ought not to ask it every morning before he posts a sentry. The "master's eye" is an admirable tonic; but a sensible master does not mistake his eyes for Sam Weller's miraculous microscopes. Their powers of vision are limited, and a good master knows when to shut them. This danger of confusing between the responsibility which stimulates and that which enervates and oppresses, is recognised in theory if not always borne in mind in practice. There is another confusion, as mischievous and, it would seem, in still greater need of elucidation. A general should be responsible for the success of his measures, though he should not be worried about every petty detail. But it does not follow that a general or any other public servant should be responsible to the public for the cut of his hair, for the mode in which he spends his holidays, for the taste in which he furnishes his rooms, or

for the conversations which he carries on with his wife. So long as he breaks no recognised code, moral or social, the public has no concern with his actions, and interference of a million is as impertinent as the interference of an individual. If a stranger peeps through the keyhole of my study, I may rightfully give him at least a moral slap in the face. His publication of the news thus acquired is clearly a great aggravation of the offence. The eminence of his victim should increase rather than diminish the indignation due to such offences, as implying a want of reverence as well as a want of manners. Conduct which would be intolerable as between two private gentlemen does not become venial because the injured person possesses unusual claims upon our respect.

Formerly, it must be granted, there was some excuse for such performances. The distinction between a man's public and his private capacity was not drawn so clearly as it is now. The ruler of the State was hardly distinguished from the landlord of the territory. The national debt was confused with the private debt of the monarch. Till a very late period, Ministers were literally as well as technically the servants of the Crown, and a secretary of state might be appointed or dismissed like a footman by the private taste of the King. Almost to the present reign, the government of the nation depended avowedly on mere backstairs intrigues, and a State revolution might be caused by the tricks of a chambermaid. As long as the people were really at the mercy of the pettiest personal interests, there was some excuse for publishing personal gossip. We ridicule Horace Walpole and his like for gathering up savoury morsels of Court scandal. Doubtless the practice does not imply a high standard of personal dignity. But in his day, and even later than his day, such scandal was really a part of history. We despise the talebearer; but his information was really of interest. We do not envy the men to whose lot it fell to record instances of the drunkenness, the frivolity, the petty selfishness, and ignoble vices of some of our former rulers. Such annalists have had to dabble in very repulsive filth to acquire their knowledge, and may have broken confidence in betraying it. When, however, the great wheels of State were revolving in such a medium, it was as well that the facts should be known. Nay, we must even feel a kind of gratitude to men who soiled their own hands in showing with how little wisdom and how little virtue the world has sometimes been governed.

Things are happily now altered; and the private life of our rulers should be their own. As they have become more responsible in their public, they should become freer in their private capacity. We have no longer to seek for the causes of the rise and downfall of Ministers in the retired recesses of palaces. To go there at all is an impertinence. Queen Anne turned out Ministers because she had been "got at" (in sporting slang) by one of her attendants. Queen Victoria dismissed Mr. Gladstone when he ceased to command a majority in Parliament. It was natural to inquire into the petty intrigues of Queen Anne's



household, when it would be the grossest breach of good manners to ask questions about the maids and the footmen employed by her present Majesty. It is well, indeed, that we should know in general that our rulers are virtuous and honourable in their private relations. The domestic purity of a Court, as no living Englishman will dispute, may be a legitimate source of strength to the constitution. We may be sincerely grateful when the persons concerned themselves sanction the publication of materials upon which a sufficient estimate of their characters can be formed without involving a breach of private confidence. But we can know all that we have a right to know, or ought to wish to know, without retailing the petty tittle-tattle which gratifies the curiosity of country tea-tables and loungers at London clubs; and certainly without giving it the benefit of circulation in the press, and advertising it on a thousand placards.

The general principle thus seems to be simple enough. Whatever a man does as a public servant is a legitimate subject of inquiry to his superiors and ultimately to the public. Publicity in this sense is not only legitimate, but the essential and indispensable guarantee of purity. What a public man does in a private capacity may also be properly known so far as it directly affects his public character. If an archbishop were in the habit of drinking to excess, or a Chancellor of the Exchequer of gambling on the Stock Exchange, the facts should be known; for nobody will deny that such facts would affect the public character of the accused. On the other hand, the details of a man's private life, his special tastes, his family relations, his modes of dressing, eating, and drinking, are matters into which the public has no sort of right to concern itself. The habit of prying into matters with which we have no concern is fully as bad for the public as for its component parts; it may inflict cruel hardships upon individuals, and it demoralises the persons who indulge in it. No one with the common feelings of a gentleman will deny that it ought to be suppressed. The only difficulty is in defining the precise limits of public interference. How are we to define the sphere within which a man may properly shut himself up and defy all intruders? The fact that there is some difficulty in drawing the line is the cause of the existing mischief. We have gradually slid into a laxity which threatens pernicious consequences; but the first stages of the process are harmless enough and even desirable.

We desire—and who can blame us?—to know something of our rulers, not only of that part of them which can be discovered in a blue-book, but of their characters, as living, moving, feeling beings. Are they true men or “miserable creatures having the honour-to-be?” mere clothes-horses, or flesh-and-blood realities? Brilliant journalists gratify our tastes by elaborate “psychological analyses,” and carefully drawn portraits, which often reveal very high artistic skill. Mr. Punch presents us with good-humoured caricatures which hurt nobody, and give more character by a stroke of a pencil than is contained in a volume of solid history. Photographers make the features of great men familiar, and their portraits

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draw crowds to the walls of the Academy. In due time their memoirs will be published, and details will be cleared up which are still a mystery for contemporaries. There is nothing illegitimate in these proceedings, for nothing has been told which can give pain to a becoming sensibility. Our guides must make themselves known to us, if they would challenge our confidence, and they, doubtless, would generally be the last to complain. A man may well be proud the first time that he appears in a cartoon of Mr. Tenniel's.

But our appetite grows by what it feeds on. We ask for more facts, without inquiring too nicely whether our demand is fair. There is no want of men ready to supply the demand. The "interviewer" is on the look-out. He hunts for gossip as keenly as a dog for truffles. He scents a bit of scandal from afar. It is nothing to him whether the savoury morsel is picked up in a gutter or on a private dinner-table. The more private, the better chance that it will be his exclusive property. When the statesman fondly supposes that he is taking a holiday, the eye of his persecutor follows him. The penny-a-liner springs from the earth as vultures in the tropics seem to drop mysteriously from the clouds. A well-known gentleman lately got into an awkward place in a holiday scramble. "Ah, sir," were the first words that came to him as he reached a safe place, "this will be in the papers to-morrow." If a Minister amuses himself in his garden, and talks to a miscellaneous visitor, his words will be published to a listening universe. If he stops at a station, he is asked to make an address instead of swallowing a pork-pie. The smaller political fry who bask in the sunshine of great acquaintance make notes to be used in memoirs or to be used in popular lectures in America and the colonies. The memoir-writer is a posthumous interviewer, and publishes scandals, the more piquant for a little keeping, mixed with any scraps that may have been swept out of the great man's writing-table.

In all this, it may be replied there is little mischief and little cause for pitying the victim. A man who leads a public life must put up with the penalties of publicity. If the fine gloss of sensibility be rubbed off his nature, that is part of the price which he pays for his position. If this be granted for a moment, the question still remains, who is public? It seems often to be answered very vaguely. A popular novelist or poet, for example, is taken to be public property. If so many thousand copies of a book are published, its author becomes a legitimate victim. The instant he is dead, we have a right to know all about him. The most careless letters, written to the most intimate friends, are printed, regardless even of living sensibility. We are to know what he (or she) said about his acquaintance; to plunge into the details of his love affairs, and to know the ins and outs of his petty quarrels. Perhaps it would have been agony to him, when alive, to have his secrets laid open to the million. Perhaps it is still agony to those who are still living. No matter, the man has written a good book, and he is doomed. What would we not have given, it is said, for similar information about

Shakespeare? I am unfeeling enough to rejoice that we know so little. A man who cannot understand *Hamlet* without knowing the rights of Shakespeare's relations with Anne Hathaway would not really understand it the better if the minutest details had been published at his death. The microscopic writers who spend years in the attempt to "illustrate" the history of a great author by unearthing some forgotten entry in a register are, as a rule, the worst of all judges of his merit. *Hamlet* and the *Faery Queen* have stirred the human imagination as powerfully as though Spenser and Shakespeare had been treated like some modern authors. It is pleasant to think that their memory is safe in the deep waters of oblivion from all the impertinence of literary pettifoggers. Biography is indeed one of the most charming and valuable of all forms of literature. Boswell and Lockhart, and some more recent writers, deserve our very warmest gratitude. But the biographer has many temptations due to the very charm of his work, and it would be superfluous to prove that biographers have often yielded to temptation.

To publish all the rubbish that a great man has written, and would, if he could, have suppressed, and to revive every scandal once attached to his name, is becoming the accepted mode of honouring his memory. But the mischief inflicted is palpable. The commonest weakness of modern authors is certainly their excessive self-consciousness. How can it be helped when every foolish adorer is gaping for every scrap of knowledge about the petty details of their life—when fragments of infinitesimal information about their sayings and doings are treasured up as in old days men treasured bits of the old clothes of saints; when well-meaning Americans—and there is really something touching about the simplicity of Transatlantic adorers—tout for introductions as they might struggle at home for the keepership of a lighthouse? I have known such an admirer literally cherish a hair brushed off the coat of a celebrated author; and I imagine that some famous men must have a heavy postage to pay for the supply of autographs. When such things are done in the lifetime of eminent men, what will be done when they are dead? What ransacking of old drawers, what hunting up of schoolboy exercises, of scrawls hastily drawn on the backs of letters, and especially of letters in which there is anything really interesting, that is to say generally, of some unpleasant remark about a friend! I may remark innocently enough that someone whom I really esteem is a bore; perhaps he has been telling me a story when I had a toothache or had heard of the loss of an investment; my phrase may imply no scruple of settled illwill, and it has been frankly written in the confidence of private correspondence. To publish it, without a word of explanation, may inflict a cruel and merciless pang on my friend; but who of the race of memoir-writers would be stopped by such a consideration? Or I am a lady, and have laughed to my closest confidant at a gentleman who made me an offer. I would not for the world hurt a worthy man who has paid me the highest compliment in his

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power. But I die; an enterprising person gets hold of my letter, and my poor adorer has the thoughtless phrase passed on to him in the shape of a cruel insult.

The evil is not a new one; but modern enterprise is tending to aggravate it intolerably. We may often, for example, see portraits and read biographies of men whose only claim to celebrity is that they are known in what is called good society. If such literature be intended for the footmen, who want to know the history of the persons behind whose carriages they stand, the practice would be intelligible. But we would hope that the public is not yet composed exclusively of flunkies, and that the fact that a man has a certain social position does not justify the whole world in forcing itself upon his privacy. Or, again, we have been of late deliberately invited to peruse a series of studies of great men at home; to disguise ourselves in imagination in plush; to become familiar with the domestic arrangements of a gentleman's house, to discover whether he smokes a cigar after breakfast, and what kind of coat he wears in his study. If a well-known man has any rights of privacy, it is difficult to understand how they can fail to be infringed by writings, which, we would suppose, must either come from his valet or from a private acquaintance, who makes notes for publication in moments of social intimacy. In the first case, the valet should be dismissed; in the other, he should show the gentleman the door. The alternative that the celebrated person is a consenting party is too humiliating to be contemplated. And surely that which no private gentleman could do without a gross breach of manners, does not become respectable when the author is anonymous.

It is true that at present the offence is generally smothered under an excess of compliment. The valet who is about to publish notes from the knifeboard, or collections from the waste-paper basket, has a dim feeling (let us hope!) that his trade is not an ennobling one. He feels more certainly that it is likely to be spoilt if he makes himself too offensive. As a rule, therefore, he is complimentary. He is taking a liberty, but he hopes that flattery will quench resentment. He affects to be actuated by a genuine veneration instead of its caricature, a vulgar curiosity. He is quite ready to grovel, to swear that the shoes which he has been blacking are of the shiniest kind, and that the notes which he has purloined are written in the best of handwriting. The ruse, it is to be feared, is too often successful. The vanity even of great men is easily tickled. A gentleman who would resent the publication of his washing-bills when they reveal insufficiency of linen is flattered by the same publication when the results are creditable. He does not see or does not remember that the evil is done when the notes become public property. The use to which the information will be put depends upon the taste of men whose very trade implies utter want of delicacy. Allow your valet to publish your papers, and he will have the right to choose his materials. If the sound rule is once broken down, the coating of flattery will become thinner, a satirical intention

will begin to reveal itself, and what was a simple impertinence will become a system of libelling. Nothing can be more futile than to bargain with a thief when you have once allowed him to put his hands in your pockets. The difference between impertinent praise and impertinent abuse is really trifling. The true evil is the impertinence, and that is what ought to be resisted by all men of high feeling. Of the two, it is almost better to be abused, for it does not raise a suspicion of complicity. Paul Pry should be put down, whatever his intentions. If he begins harmlessly by a fair portrait of a public character, he may become in course of time a social pest, to whom neither sex nor private station is sacred. He will start by taking notes in a reporter's gallery and end by sneaking into a lady's boudoir.

The evil of such practices is indeed mainly independent of their accidental colouring. The pain which they may cause is a strong, but not the sole ground of objection. When a scribbler takes advantage of private confidence to publish some unpleasant anecdote about a great man, or reproduce a bit of scandal, of which, though utterly groundless, the falsity cannot now be demonstrated, and which, even in that case, will leave a stain in the memory of careless readers, the evil is palpable. Every one will denounce it. It is a cruel and shameful act; though one can seldom have the pleasure of putting its perpetrators on the pillory. But in all cases the mischief done to the public is of the same character. In one word, it tends to vulgarise public opinion. When a practice is of such a nature that no gentleman could confess to it without degradation, the sufferance of it tends to poison the social atmosphere. No gentleman would print without permission the gossip which reaches him in private society. The persons who print such gossip, even if covered with some thin veil of reticence, must be described by the epithet which is the antithesis of gentleman. If they could have their way, the general standard of self-respect would be lowered throughout the country.

Actions which have no public character should, I have said, be sacred from public curiosity. It is not that a man should not be responsible even for his private actions, but that he should be responsible to the right tribunal. My own family have an interest in some of my actions; my friends in others; and my colleagues or subordinates in a third class. In each case it is most desirable that I should be in contact with the opinions of those who are both concerned in my behaviour and have the means of judging. In each case, interference by the unqualified and unconcerned is generally mischievous. No wise friend ever meddles between man and wife, or between father and children. The reason is not only that the meddling will be resented; but that in such delicate questions none but the immediate parties to the dispute are really qualified to have any opinion. When that incoherent mass of hasty and half-informed judgment called public opinion is brought to bear upon such matters, the effect is far more demoralising. The man's actions are determined not by his instincts and affections, but by reference to

the question, what will people say? He aims at respectability instead of virtue. He loses that fine sense of self-respect which is the most essential safeguard of all lofty motive. He conforms to the vulgar standard set up by impertinent intruders, and acquires, in place of a conscience, a little store of popular platitudes. If he is a public official, he will thrive in proportion as he can flatter the public taste. A gentleman (as we are told in the papers) has lately been winning popularity in America because he dressed himself in coarse clothes and chewed tobacco. Mere vulgarity passes itself off for honesty; for people forget that the easiest kind of hypocrisy is a superficial brutality of manners. The person in question was christened "blue Jeans," as Hosea Biglow's hero hoped to be called "old Timbertoes." That, in the words of the best American humourist, is what the people likes—

*Sathia' combinin' morril truths with phrases such as strikes.*

When such a practice is common, the charlatan has a start in the race for honour. The public learns to resent as an insult to itself the honourable reserve which refuses to invite the ignorant and uncultivated to sit in judgment upon matters beyond their ken. Public life under such conditions becomes offensive to men of delicate sensitive natures; and the independence of spirit which is the greatest of political virtues becomes a disadvantage or is supplanted by a coarse affectation of brutality. True greatness of public character is rooted in the purity and tenderness of domestic life. But the direct tendency of impertinent intrusion is to give an advantage to the charlatans and hypocrites—always too abundant in the world—who are ready to lay bare for public inspection their most private affairs, and to advertise their domestic virtues. The spurious article in such a case is a more paying commodity than the genuine, and a willingness to submit to degradation becomes a direct qualification for success. The evil—great in its bearing upon public men—is certainly not less in its influence upon those teachers of mankind who are most sensitive, most easily spoilt by self-consciousness, and often the subjects of the most impertinent intrusion. For one writer who is now hurt by abuse, a dozen are ruined by injudicious flattery; if the flattery begins to affect their private life, it will become more poisonous than ever. The late biographer of an eminent writer told how his hero had once risen at night to practise some dancing steps for the amusement of his children. The story, pretty enough in itself, was unconsciously spoilt by the addition that the said writer turned to his friend, and remarked that the story would look well in his biography. If even the expectation of posthumous adulation could produce an act so painfully jarring because indicative of such morbid self-consciousness, what is likely to be the influence of contemporary portrait-painting?

The evils thus suggested are, it may be hoped, still in the bud. They have not yet become so conspicuous as they are said to be elsewhere. There is the more hope that they may be stamped out. The

means, however, of doing so are not so obvious as could be wished. There are certain offences for which caterers to public amusement are punished readily and severely enough. Any open manifestations of indecency or irreverence are properly resented by public opinion; and it may fairly be said that in such matters the press is generally pure, and errs, if it errs at all, on the comparatively safe side of excessive prudery. But this particular evil does not appear to be resented in the only way in which resentment produces much immediate effect, that is, by injuring the pockets of the publishers. We blame, but we read. Curiosity is a passion which does not look too nicely at the means by which it is gratified. The very people who will condemn most sincerely the habit of publishing all the savoury details of a criminal trial, will yet read the reports as greedily as the last sensation novel. The standard is gradually lowered by an unworthy competition. Each successive writer goes a little further towards the borders of the forbidden, and his offence is condoned in consideration of the amusement he affords. The curious crowd presses always a little further to get a better peep into the domicile of its victim, and each man who is not on the extreme verge thinks himself justified by his more intrusive neighbours, whilst there are plenty who have no scruples at all in affording this tacit encouragement. I hate the practice of using the name of a whole people as a term of abuse—of saying that this or that is bad because it is French, German, or American. Such language is a tacit appeal to some of the meanest and narrowest of popular sentiments. But it may be said without prejudice that the English press seems to be tending to lose the quality by which it claimed, rightly or wrongly, to rise above the American. We have condemned the practice, attributed to American penny-a-liners, of describing ladies' ball-dresses and intruding upon the privacy of politicians. We can see plainly enough the mote in our neighbour's eye and recognise the tendency of such laxity to lower the general standard of self-respect. Can we now pass such a judgment without condemning ourselves? Is not the British journalist becoming daily more intrusive, less inclined to admit that his allusions may be impertinent, and more reckless in gratifying the public appetite for petty gossip? If not, would some of the dealers in such literary ware kindly inform us where they draw the line and in what cases they recognise the sanctity of private life? I fancy that they would find the task rather difficult.

This is not the place to inquire whether the law in such matters might not be improved; whether the punishment inflicted on a libeller should not be extended to men who have told no lie, but have infringed the proper rights of privacy; and whether the publisher of purely private matter should not be at least bound to obtain the consent of those concerned, in a more general sense than is at present the case. If a man chooses to publish his own accounts, as an eminent person has lately chosen to do, there is no wrong committed, though there may be a want of judgment. But if another man gets hold of my banker's



book and tells the public how much I spend on charity or tobacco, I should surely be able to stop him. There are, however, obvious difficulties in the matter, and such questions may be left to persons of technical knowledge. But there is an imperceptible process by which a healthy public opinion gradually makes itself felt. When it is distinctly understood that publications of a certain class deserve the reprobation of all who call themselves gentlemen, the social sanction is not without its power. If the valet who publishes accounts of the hero can be made to feel that his trade is a dirty one, even his pachydermatous nature will not be quite insensible. Nobody, not even the meanest of his species, is quite impenetrable to the contempt of his fellows. If public opinion can be made sound, those who cater for it will gradually conform themselves to its laws. Even that great argument—the argument from the pocket—may gradually come to be on its side. The danger is that the habitual infringement of certain well-known rules may gradually weaken their authority; the most hopeful remedy is that a clear apprehension of the evils to which such classes lead may induce the leaders of opinion to bestir themselves in time. Eminent men may become shy of affording opportunities to those who would take liberties with their private character, and critics may condemn, with all the vigour of which they are capable, the offenders who have enjoyed too much impunity. It is, of course, tempting to take refuge in mere contempt for offenders, too callous to be easily punished; but it is sometimes a duty to denounce a bad practice, even when the denunciation does no immediate harm to the offender.

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## Anecdotes of an Epicure.

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BRILLAT-SAVARIN, whose destiny was to popularise a rational theory of diet, first saw the light at Belley, on April 1, 1755. He was brought up to the profession of the law, and till the outbreak of the Revolution led the tranquil uneventful life of a provincial advocate. The only incident of his youth of which he makes mention is a visit to the abbey of St. Sulpice—to be marked with a white stone even in his Epicurean Calendar. Brillat-Savarin was very fond of music—a circumstance which afterwards went near to save his head—and was leader of an amateur troop which often serenaded the ladies of Belley: The Abbot of St. Sulpice invited him and his friends to come and assist in the performance of High Mass on the festival of St. Bernard, Patron Saint of the monastery. "The Saint," courteously observed the Abbot, "will thereby be glorified; our neighbours will be delighted, and you will have the honour of being the first Orpheus who shall have penetrated into those lofty regions" (the monastery was perched high on the mountain side).

One fine summer night, accordingly, Brillat-Savarin and his friends set out for the convent, where they arrived at an early hour on the following morning. Here we get a glimpse of the old conventual hospitality, now mere tradition of the past, then a substantial fact. The Father Cellarer received them. "Welcome, Gentlemen," he said; "our Reverend Abbot will be right pleased to hear of your arrival: he is still in bed, having fatigued himself yesterday; but come with me and you shall see whether you were expected." They followed him into the refectory, where, in the midst of a spacious table, rose a pasty "as big as a church:" it was flanked on the north by a quarter of cold veal, on the south by an enormous ham, on the east by a monumental pyramid of cool, fresh butter, on the west by a bushel of artichoke salad. There was fruit too, as well as white napkins, and silver plate; lay-brothers also and servants ready to help the viands. Nor should we forget to add that in a corner of the hall, a hundred bottles of unmistakable aspect reposed beneath a fountain of running water, which as it flowed seemed to murmur *Evoë Bacche*. The travellers were in no way staggered at the prospect of dealing with such a breakfast at four A.M.: in those days coffee was not taken early in the day. The Father Cellarer excused himself for being unable to join them—he had to say Massmean: while they were to make themselves at home.

After breakfast they all found nice warm beds awaiting them and were allowed to sleep till the hour of Divine Service. There they acquitted themselves remarkably well and were much complimented by their host. It was now noon, and time for dinner—naturally a more solid meal than breakfast. Of roast meat alone there were fourteen different kinds, while the dessert comprised the most delicious fruits of the valley, brought up at considerable labour and cost to the heights from which the monastery commanded its magnificent prospect. The coffee, adds Brillat-Savarin, was delicious: it was served not in the tiny cups of a degenerate age, but in fair deep bowls in which the good brothers plunged their thick lips with a noise which would have done honour to spermaceti whales before a storm. After dinner, Vespers; after Vespers, everyone might do as he pleased. The Abbot bade them good night. "I don't think," said the kindly old man, "that my presence would be troublesome to the brothers; but I wish them to know they have full liberty. St. Bernard's Day comes but once a year; to-morrow we shall re-enter on the accustomed routine; *cras iterabimus æquor*." And in truth, though the Abbot was beloved by all, there *was* a good deal more noise after his departure than before. The fun soon became fast and furious; and a delicate little supper towards nine o'clock put everybody into high spirit. As the night deepened a voice was heard: "Father Cellarer, where is your dish?"—"Tis too true"—answered his Reverence, "I am not Cellarer for nothing." He left the hall, and presently returned, followed by three servants, of whom the first bore a mighty dish of buttered toast, the other two carried a table on which stood a veritable tub of brandy, sweetened and flaming—a substitute for punch, of which the French were then ignorant.

This was the sign the feast was o'er.

The toast was eaten and the brandy drunk; then as the stroke of midnight was heard the company parted, beds being again provided for the guests.

This was in the year 1782, when fears of change were already beginning to disquiet kings and monks. At St. Sulpice it was whispered that a reforming Abbot, of the strictest temper, would soon replace the venerable chief under whose gentle rule everyone was so happy; and for Brillat-Savarin there were days of trouble ahead. In 1789 he was returned by his fellow-citizens to the States-General; and subsequently named, firstly, President of the Civil Tribunal in the Department of the Ain, and, afterwards, Judge of the Court of Appeal. These facts deserve to be mentioned, for one of the best morals of Brillat-Savarin's life is that work is absolutely necessary to enjoyment. He himself, much as he loved a good dinner, thoroughly despised a man who loved nothing else. On this subject he tells a curious story of an emigrant noble he met at Lausanne, a fine, strong, healthy-looking man, but of a laziness perfectly phenomenal. Work of any kind seemed to

him the thing most to be dreaded in this world, and he would have died of hunger with the best grace in the world if a worthy tradesman of the town had not opened a credit for him at an eating-house, by which he was enabled to dine on the Sunday and Wednesday in each week. On those days he crammed himself up to the œsophagus and pocketed a huge piece of bread; then quietly retired to sleep or lounge away the hours till next dinner-time. As often as he felt gnawing sensations in the stomach he drank water. When Brillat-Savarin saw him he had subsisted for three months on this extraordinary diet, and was not ill in the conventional sense of the word, only oppressed with an unnatural languor. "I asked him to dinner," writes his compatriot, "at my inn, where he officiated in a way to make one tremble. But I did not renew the invitation, because I love to see men bravely fronting adversity and obeying, when they must, that judgment issued against the human race, 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.'"<sup>\*</sup>

Meanwhile Brillat-Savarin continued to be held in such high esteem by his fellow-townsmen that in 1793 they had elected him to the perilous office of Mayor, when he opposed a vigorous resistance to the emissaries of Marat and Robespierre; soon, however, he was obliged to fly for his life, and it was then that he visited first Switzerland and afterwards the United States. But before quitting the soil of his beloved country, he was to meet with a little adventure which he ever afterwards loved to recall. He was bound for Dôle, hoping to obtain from the Citizen Representative Prôt that safe-conduct which had become necessary to keep him at a convenient distance from prison and the scaffold. Mounted on a serviceable nag which he had named "Joy," he rode cheerfully enough along the smiling landscape bounded by the heights of the Jura, and, about eleven o'clock one bright morning, put up at an old-fashioned snug-looking inn, the principal hostelry of the village of Mont-sous-Vandrey. Having seen to his horse, Brillat-Savarin passed into the kitchen, where a joyous spectacle presented itself to his enraptured gaze. Quails, leverets, and a fine turkey were placidly roasting before the fire, and these seemed but a tithe of the delectable things which were evidently on the point of being served. "Good," he thought; "Providence does not entirely desert me. Let us pluck this fowl too in passing. There will always be time to die." Then turning to mine host, "Mon cher," he asked, "what are you going to give me for dinner that is good?" "Nothing that is not good, Monsieur: good boiled beef, good potato-soup, good shoulder of mutton, and good beans." A chill of disappointment ran through the frame of the traveller. He never ate boiled beef, which he justly observed was meat deprived of its juice; potatoes and

<sup>\*</sup> Brillat-Savarin had some pleasanter recollections of Lausanne, notably of the *Lion d'Argent*, where (British tourists may sigh as they read) an excellent dinner of three courses, including game from the neighbouring mountains, and fresh fish from Lake Lemán, and a delicious white wine *ad libitum*, was to be had, all for the sum of one shilling and nine pence.

beans were too fattening, and for shoulder of mutton he had no fancy. "For whom then is this feast?" he demanded in disconsolate tones. The host explained. Four advocates had been in those parts to settle a great case; an arrangement had happily been arrived at, and they were on the point of celebrating the happy termination of the business by a cosy little dinner. "Monsieur," quoth Brillat-Savarin, after musing a few seconds, "will you be so good as to present them my compliments and say that a gentleman of quality\* requests as a particular favour to be admitted to dine with them, that he is ready to take his share of the expense, and that he will always esteem himself their debtor?" The host withdrew and a period of painful suspense followed. But in a minute or two, a fat, neat, rosy little gentleman entered the kitchen, examined a saucepan or two, looked at the roast, and retired. Another minute and mine host returned. "Monsieur," he said, "the gentlemen are extremely flattered by your proposal, and only await your presence to sit down to dinner." "What a dinner!!!" exclaims Brillat-Savarin, with three points of exclamation, recalling the happiness of that day. The barristers proved delightful companions and accorded him the heartiest welcome, while the food and wine were such as few monster hotels of modern days can furnish. It may be guessed that the newcomer was not allowed to pay a centime, and towards evening went cheered and invigorated on his lonely journey. Good fortune never comes single; and at Dôle, the ex-Mayor succeeded in winning the good graces of Madame Prôt by his vocal and musical talent. "Citizen," she said, "when a man cultivates the fine arts as you do, he does not betray his country. I know you have some request to prefer to my husband: it shall be granted; it is I who promise you." And, truly enough, on the following morning he received his passport, signed and sealed. Ladies' logic is a fearful and wonderful thing.

From Dôle Brillat-Savarin passed into Switzerland and ultimately proceeded to America. In the *Physiologie du Goût* he gives but a brief account of his residence in the United States. It resembles in fact the famous chapter on Snakes, and runs as follows:—

"Séjour en Amérique. . . . ."

The truth is that the lively Frenchman was very much bored in the territory of the Great Republic, where, like Talleyrand, he regretted to find but one dish to thirty-two religions. And yet New York was ever memorable to him as the scene of what he justly calls a national victory—when the Briton succumbed and the Gaul remained master of the field.

Brillat-Savarin was wont to spend his evenings at Little's, a famous tavern of Old Gotham, where, with the Vicomte de la Massue and M. Fehr, he loved to enjoy a modest supper of Welsh rarebits and cider. Occasionally he was joined by Mr. Wilkinson, a Jamaica planter, a

\* Gallicè, "homme de bonne compagnie."

good fellow and thorough gentleman, as his French friend takes care to inform us. Still, manners were rough in those days, and Mr. Wilkinson probably thought it would be a capital joke to see three "frogs" under the table. With this amiable intention, he asked the enemies of his native land to dinner; and they frankly accepted his invitation. Fortunately for Brillat-Savarin, as he was leaving Little's that evening, the waiter drew him aside and warned him that the invitation was in reality a challenge to a hard drinking bout. He was exceedingly annoyed, being too much of a *gourmet* to relish such orgies; still the instinct of combat would not allow him to withdraw, and moreover he was confident of his own strength and only uneasy for his compatriots. "I desired," he says, "the triumph of the nation and not that of the individual." Accordingly he addressed a "severe allocution" to Fehr and Massue, and warned them to drink slowly and to try and throw away some of their wine while he distracted the attention of Mr. Wilkinson and the other Englishman who was to be present. Also to eat gently but constantly. Finally, before setting out for Little's, on the following day, he made his friends share with him a plateful of bitter almonds, which are said to be a prophylactic against intoxication.

The dinner, we are assured, consisted of a "rotsbeef," a turkey cooked in its gravy, boiled "roots" (?), a salad of raw cabbage, and a jam tart. The wine was claret, for which, bye and bye, was substituted port, while to port succeeded madeira. Dessert was now on the table. It consisted of biscuits, butter, and nuts, aliments which encourage the consumer to drink. It was beginning to be warm work for all concerned; but Brillat-Savarin observed, with pleasure, that his friends had followed his advice, and that Fehr, in particular, had contrived to empty a good many glasses of wine into a beer-jug which stood neglected at his end of the table. The three Frenchmen looked still fresh when Mr. Wilkinson called for spirits—an order which made Brillat-Savarin, for the first time that evening, feel nervous. He dexterously avoided the grosser forms of drinking spirits, by asking in his turn for a bowl of punch. Little brought it in himself. It would have sufficed for forty persons, but was happily accompanied by a supply of buttered toast. After one or two glasses had been drunk, B. observed, with pleasure, that Mr. Wilkinson's face had turned to a crimson-purple, and that his eyes looked haggard, while his friend's head was steaming like a kettle. Fehr and Massue, on the other hand, were still cool. The catastrophe came much sooner than B. had expected. Mr. Wilkinson suddenly sprang to his feet, as if seized by a happy inspiration, and began, in trumpet tones, to thunder forth *Rule Britannia*; then, quite as suddenly, dived under the table, where he preferred to remain. His friend, laughing loudly, stooped forward to pick him up; then he, too, lay extended on the floor. The Frenchmen were victorious, and drank a final glass of punch, with Little, to the health of the vanquished. Next morning all the New York papers contained accounts of the



battle; and the New York papers were copied by all the others in the United States.

Fortunately for himself, Brillat-Savarin seems to have possessed some remnants of a private fortune, and the days of his exile were not embittered by the constant struggle for daily bread which so many of his fellow-countrymen had to wage. One of his friends turned weaver and quietly descended into a lower grade of the social scale; another earned a handsome sum of money by making salads in London. When he had realised 80,000 francs (3,200*l.*), he was enabled to return to France, buy a snug little property in Limousin, and live the pleasant and dignified life of a country squire. The history of this gentleman, indeed—D'Albignac by name (of unmistakably "noble" stock)—is worth a digression, if only from the curious light which it throws upon English manners and customs at the close of the last century. D'Albignac was dining one day at a famous inn in the City, and five or six "dandies," or swells of the period, as our own slang has it, were dining at a neighbouring table. Presently one of them got up and addressed him in very polite tones. "Monsieur, they say that your nation excels in the art of making salads; would you do us the favour to mix one for us?" After a second's hesitation, D'Albignac agreed; and while dressing the lettuce, replied, without embarrassment, to the questions which his new acquaintance put to him. He even avowed, with a slight blush, that he was in receipt of pecuniary assistance from the English Government. In shaking hands with him, one of the young men contrived to leave a five-pound note in his grasp. He, on the other hand, gave his address; and was not greatly surprised when, a few days later, he received a letter entreating him as a special favour to come and make the salad that evening at a large house in Grosvenor Square, where a dinner-party was to be given. He went, and received a very handsome present; while the salad proved so good, that "the Frenchman" was soon in general request, and no entertainment was thought complete without him. It should be added that D'Albignac's salads were quite unlike the simple preparations of the modern French kitchen which go by that name. He would mix together oils, flavoured with fruit, vinegar, soy, caviare, truffles, anchovies, "calchup" (*quere*: ketchup?), gravy, and the yoke of eggs.

*O dura majorum ilia!*

Brillat-Savarin himself could not afford to be altogether idle; and during his stay in New York he added to his means by giving lessons in French, and joining the orchestra of the principal theatre in that town. In 1796, to his intense joy, he was able to bid farewell to the ungenial American climate, and to sail for France. He soon obtained honourable employment in the public service, being successively Secretary to the General Staff of the Army in Germany, Government Commissioner to the Departmental Tribunal of the Seine-et-Oise, and,

finally, Counsellor in the Court of Appeal. Henceforth his life flowed on in an unbroken current of tranquil and useful labour. He had done with politics; but, like Congreve in his retirement, "he had civil words and small good offices for men of every shade of opinion. And men of every shade of opinion spoke well of him in return." He was conservative enough, however, to be pleased at the restoration of the ancient line, which he may have hoped would bring back the ancient ways, the grand old politeness, the wit, and the social wisdom of former times. But they did not altogether, as Frenchmen are the first to acknowledge. Twenty years of civil and foreign wars had perhaps made men too serious to recognise sufficiently the importance of small things.

Among the minor innovations of that changeful epoch, few so deeply grieved conservative epicures as the revolution wrought by Anglomani in the economy of the table. The very names of dishes began to be anglicised, and, to this day, Frenchmen never think of designating a beef-steak or a dish of roast-beef save by their English names incorrectly spelt. The English fashion of serving fish after soup was also introduced by the returned émigrés; and, though pronounced a grave mistake by more than one competent authority, it has continued to hold its ground. On the other hand, Brillat-Savarin praises the practice of taking a glass of madeira with the soup, which the French also owe to us; but there was another Britannic custom which annoyed and even shocked him—viz. that of using finger-glasses, with little glasses of warm water for rinsing the mouth. He pronounced it to be an "innovation equally useless, indecent, and disgusting. *Useless*, because persons who know how to eat keep their mouths sweet to the end of the meal; they have cleansed them either with fruit, or with the last glasses of wine that are drunk at dessert; *indecent*, for it is a generally recognised principle that all ablutions should be conducted in the privacy of a dressing-room; *disgusting*, for the prettiest and freshest mouth loses its charms when it usurps the functions of the evaculatory organs. And what will be the aspect of a mouth that is neither pretty nor fresh?"

It was in 1825 that Brillat-Savarin, at the age of 70, published his famous work "*Physiologie du Goût*," which deserved to confer on him an immortality of the second class, if the gradations of fame could be nicely measured. "The book itself," says a thoughtful critic, "is charmingly written, accomplishes all that it professes, exactly meets the tastes and satisfies the capacities of the wide circle to which it is addressed; is lively, genial, racy, and just sufficiently seasoned with well-told and timely anecdotes." Indeed, how can a well-written book on eating fail to be of universal interest? It should be added that some of the stories, though they would have seemed perfectly harmless to the generation which laughed over *Tom Jones*, are a little too unlaced according to the ideas of the 19th century.

The work opens with twenty aphorisms, which rival the famous maxims of Pelham on the art of dressing. They are :—

I. The Universe is nothing except through life, and everything which lives nourishes itself.

II. Animals feed ; man eats ; a man of wit and breeding alone knows how to eat.

III. The destiny of nations depends on the way in which they nourish themselves.

IV. Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.

V. The Creator, in obliging man to eat in order that he may live, invites him by appetite, and rewards him by pleasure.

VI. Taste is an act of our judgment, by which we accord the preference to things which are palatable over those which are not.

VII. The pleasures of the table are for all ages, all conditions, all countries, and all days ; they can associate themselves with all other pleasures, and remain to console us for their loss.

VIII. The dining-room is the only place where you are never bored during the first hour.

IX. The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a new constellation.

X. Those who get an indigestion, and those who get drunk, know neither how to eat nor how to drink.

XI. The order of edibles is from the more substantial to the lighter.

XII. The order of drinks is from the lighter to the more heady and more perfumed.

XIII. To assert that there should be no change of wines at dinner is a heresy ; the tongue surfeits itself ; and, after the third glass, the best wine produces but a dull sensation.

XIV. A dessert without cheese is even as a fair woman who lacketh an eye.

XV. A man may become a cook, but he must be born a roaster.

XVI. The most indispensable quality in a cook is punctuality ; the same quality is required of a guest.

XVII. To wait too long for a guest who is late is a want of politeness for all who are present.

XVIII. He who receives his friends, and bestows no thought on the meal to be prepared for them, is unworthy to have friends.

XIX. The mistress of the house ought always to assure herself that the coffee is excellent ; the master should see that the wines are of the best brands.

XX. To invite anyone to dinner is to make yourself responsible for his happiness during the time he is under your roof.

The truth of most of these aphorisms will be admitted by all ; even the third, which to a thoughtless person might appear flippant, is the statement of a weighty historical fact, though possibly ridden to death

by the late Mr. Buckle. At all events, we English have long echoed the opinion of the ancient chronicler who ascribed the superiority of the English gentry over the Castilian in war to the circumstance that the former were "nourished with tender meat and good ale," while the golden youth of Spain regaled itself on garlic and sherry. The fifth aphorism, again, is a gay version of Paley's noble argument on the proofs of the existence of a Creator from the benevolent design to be seen in his works. The thirteenth, on the other hand, will hardly commend itself to those who think three glasses of wine amply sufficient at dinner, or to those who think them too much. It may be observed on this subject, that though teetotalism as a religion would have been wholly unintelligible to Brillat-Savarin, he was not only an extremely temperate man, but somewhat opposed to the generality of his countrymen in approving of the Anglo-American fashion of taking only tea or coffee, instead of wine, with breakfast; and as a sovereign digester after a full meal, he recommends, not the popular glass of liqueur, or cognac, but a cup of chocolate. He also strongly insists on the superiority of chocolate to tea or coffee from a hygienic point of view; and with him all doctors agree. Of the dangers of coffee, indeed, he gives a striking instance, having seen in London, "sur la place de Leicester," a man who had become a hopeless cripple from immoderate indulgence in the use of that potent beverage. The votary of Mocha was bent almost double, but he had ceased to suffer, and by a strong effort of the will had succeeded in reducing himself to five or six cups of his favourite drink a day. Brillat-Savarin was himself obliged to give up taking coffee in his old age, finding its effects too strong. The Duc de Massa, Minister of Justice, once required a spell of hard work from him at only a few hours' notice, and he saw no way of accomplishing it except by sitting up all night. After dinner, accordingly, he took two cups of strong coffee, and had no disposition, or indeed ability, to sleep for forty hours afterwards.

He who wrote so well and so enthusiastically of the pleasures of the table, would be perfectly content with the simplest meal, and entertained a robust contempt for persons who were afraid to "rough it" in troublous times. Yet we have seen that he was perfectly alive to the charms of a good dinner in the midst of the perils of a journey on which his life was at stake; and he never let slip an opportunity. On this head, another of his adventures deserves to be related, though it too is the record of a triumph over our own compatriots. He was travelling with two ladies whom he had promised to escort as far as Melun. They had started early in the morning, and arrived at Montgeron with threatening appetites. But, alas! at the inn where they put up there seemed absolutely nothing left to eat, owing to the ravages of three "diligences" full of travellers, to say nothing of post-chaises. Only an excellent leg of mutton turned before the fire in the most approved of fashions. Unhappily, it belonged to three Englishmen, who had brought it with them, and who were sitting upstairs drinking champagne and awaiting

its arrival. "But, at least," said Brillat-Savarin to the cook, "you could dress us some eggs in the gravy." The cook assented, propounding the more than questionable doctrine that the gravy belonged to him of right as his perquisite. While he was engaged in breaking the eggs, Brillat-Savarin approached the leg of mutton and drew a large pocket-knife on fell designs intent; therewith he inflicted twelve deep wounds on the unresisting meat, which soon gave up the last drop of its vital juice. By and by, the French party was making a delicious breakfast on *œufs brouillés au jus*, with cups of steaming coffee and cream; and laughing merrily at the thought that they had the substance of the leg of mutton, while the luckless English were endeavouring to masticate the fibrous tissue, which was all that remained of it.

One other travelling experience of Brillat-Savarin's must be given, if only to show that he had a son worthy of him. At a country inn at which he put up he found four turkeys being roasted, and forthwith demanded one for his own dinner; when to his surprise he learnt that they had all been bespoken for a gentleman. "For one gentleman?" demanded B., in an incredulous tone. "Yes, Monsieur." "He has, doubtless, a large party with him?" "On the contrary, he is alone." "Do you happen to know his name?" "I think it is a M. Brillat-Savarin." "It must be my son," exclaimed the astonished father, and desired to be shown into the room where his offspring was dreaming of coming pleasures. After the first greetings, the sire demanded an explanation, which he received in the frankest terms. "The fact is, Sir," began this true chip of the old block, "there is a particular slice of the turkey of which I am extremely fond, and which, whenever I am in your company, you eat. Being alone, I determined to regale myself on my favourite morsel without stint." This was a defence which the father could especially appreciate, by the token that, being an extremely good-natured man, he looked with a friendly eye on the weaknesses of our common humanity. A friend once said to him, "The despair of my life is that I can never get my fill of oysters." "Come and dine with me," answered Brillat-Savarin, "and you shall have your fill." The friend, a M. Laperte, came punctual to his time, and was soon engaged in an interesting conference with the oysters. B. looked on quietly for an hour, by which time M. Laperte had given good news of 31 dozen, and was proceeding as fresh as ever to discuss the 32nd dozen, when his host, wearied with long inaction, said: "My poor friend, not to-day will destiny allow you to eat your fill," and rang for the soup. M. Laperte did ample justice to the excellent dinner which followed. Brillat-Savarin's veracity was never impeached, so that after reading his narrative one may well credit the story that the Emperor Heliogabalus was in the habit of taking 400 oysters, 100 ortolans, and 100 peaches for his breakfast every morning. Brillat-Savarin gives one or two other instances of the capacity of the human stomach. Thus, General Bisson drank eight quart bottles of wine every morning at breakfast; neither

the clearness of his mind nor the cheerfulness of his temper seeming to be impaired thereby. General Sibuet, a gallant officer, who died on the field of honour in 1813, at the passage of the Bober, was equally gifted with the power of making a beast of himself. He was eighteen years old, when he strolled one evening into the kitchen of Genin, who kept one of the best inns at Belley. A magnificent turkey was at that very moment being taken off the spit, and young Sibuet's mouth watered. "I have just dined," he said to the landlord, "and yet I could eat that turkey whole." Several countrymen were seated at the kitchen fire, eating chestnuts and drinking white wine. Said one of them, a substantial-looking farmer, in the corrupt provençal of the country, "Sez vosu mezé, z'u payo; è sez voscaca en rotaz, i-zet vo ket pairéet may ket mazerai la restaz," which, being interpreted, means, "If you eat it, I will pay; but if you give in on the road, you shall pay, and I shall eat the rest." The challenge was accepted, and the future general, as became him, set methodically to work. The two wings and a drumstick disappeared with such alarming rapidity that "Hai!" called out the farmer, in agony, "ze vaie prauou qu'izet fotu; m'ez, Monche Chibouet, poez kaet zu daive paiet, lessé m'en à m'en mesiet on mocho." ("Alas! I see well that it is all over; but, Monsieur Sibuet, since I am to pay, suffer me at least to eat a morsel myself.")

With mere voracity, however, Brillat-Savarin was too refined to have any sympathy; and when he sings the praise of *Gourmandise* he is careful to explain that it has nothing in common with greediness or gluttony. For this reason we must regret that the word has no precise equivalent in the English language, our sturdy fathers having failed to appreciate the nicer shades of epicureanism. ("They know nothing, these English," said an Indian, contemptuously, "except to spin cotton and conquer the world.") "La gourmandise," insists the author of the *Physiologie du Goût*, "est ennemie des excès." It must be so, or how could the portrait of a pretty *gourmande* have been drawn in such charming colours? Thus does Brillat-Savarin sketch her:—

"Nothing is more agreeable to see than a pretty *gourmande* armed for conquest: her napkin is daintily arranged; one of her hands reposes on the table; the other conveys to her mouth the little morsels so deftly cut, or the wing of partridge she must bite; her eyes are bright, her lips of nature's enamel, her conversation sprightly; all her motions are graceful; nor is she without that spice of coquetry which women put into everything. With so many advantages she is irresistible; and Cato the Censor would have yielded to the gentle influence."

Such a one was Madame X., whom the author first met at a dinner-party when she was but fifteen years old. She was already very pretty, of a sensuous order of beauty. "Do you know," whispered Brillat-Savarin to his neighbour, "that that little girl is a *gourmande*?" "Nonsense," replied the other, "she has not arrived at the age of *gourmandise*: she is a mere child." "Wait and see," rejoined Brill-



Savarin, who was a disciple of Lavater and Gall, and seldom deceived in faces. Nevertheless, as the dinner proceeded, he began to fear that he had made a mistake, and regretted the circumstance only because his observations had been directed by scientific considerations, and he was grieved that Science should be mistaken. Still he consoled himself by remembering that there are exceptions to every rule. But with the dessert,—a dessert as “copious” as it was “brilliant,” his hopes revived, and once more Science was proved to be in the right. Not only did the little girl eat of everything which came within her reach, but she had herself helped to the most distant dishes. In short, she ate so much that the company began to wonder how so small a body could enclose so vast an assortment of goods. Two years later, Brillat-Savarin met her again. She had then been married just eight days, and a handsomer woman he had rarely set eyes on. Unfortunately, her husband seemed already to be making himself wretched over the compliments she received. Not long after he took her to a country-house, far away from Paris, and “society” saw her no more. One can only hope she was happy.

At another dinner-party, Brillat-Savarin, after carefully scanning the features of the Duke Decrès, Minister of Marine, who was present, pronounced his Excellency a *gourmand*. He was a short, thick-set, dark, curly-haired man, with a round face, a double chin, thick lips, and a mouth not quite so large as a church door, but still of fair proportions. B. communicated the result of his observation to the lady seated next him. “You need not tell him I said so,” he added, laughing. The lady promised faithfully—and found an opportunity to tell the Duke that same evening. Next day Brillat-Savarin received a pleasant letter from his Grace, in which the latter modestly disclaimed the possession of so estimable a quality as that which his agreeable *convive* had attributed to him. By the way, is it that we are more serious or merely less debonair than our neighbours? Somehow, the mind refuses to picture an English Minister (say Mr. Gladstone, or the Duke of Argyll) taking the trouble to inform by letter a man whom he had never met in his life that he was not unduly fond of a good dinner. Brillat-Savarin naturally wrote back a very courteous epistle, but insisted that if the Duke was not an epicure, he was resisting the intention of Nature in his case. Not long after, all Paris was laughing over a furious quarrel between the Minister and his Cook, which had got into the papers; and Brillat-Savarin was amused to find that, though the cook had been grossly impertinent, and had even obtained the better of his master in the wordy war, he was not discharged; from which the inference was plain. The cook knew his art, and the Duke had not the courage to part with a good cook. The Duke was a *gourmand*. Q.E.D.

Brillat-Savarin's useful and kindly life came to an end almost immediately after the publication of its *magnum opus* (for the *Physiologie du Goût* is small only in size, and contains the quintessence of half a century of thought, observation, and wit). On the 21st of January, 1826, many

loyal gentlemen attended a solemn Mass for the repose of the soul of Louis XVI. (beheaded on that day in the year 1793). It was celebrated in the fine old abbey church of Saint Denis, which, like all similar edifices, was extremely cold in winter. Three eminent lawyers who were present all caught colds, and were killed by exposure to that inclement January weather. They were Robert de Saint Vincent, the Advocate-General Marchangy, and "M. le Conseiller Brillat-Savarin." The last died on the 2nd of February following, deeply regretted by the many friends who knew him, and were aware of the sterling benevolence and manly honesty of his character. It would be absurd to pretend that his morality realised the ideal of Christian or even stoical perfection. But he never fell short of the world's standard of integrity, and lived a good citizen and a pleasant companion, free from all taint of hypocrisy and pretentiousness. As the world goes, this is no small praise.

It has been justly observed that he was a man of one book. He wrote, indeed, a treatise on political economy, and one or two works on archæology, but these are forgotten, while the *Physiologie du Goût* remains a French classic. It should be added that the author has not disdained to present his readers with a variety of excellent recipes, which will fully repay a practical study. One of these shall be given in conclusion, for it supplies what is to many persons, and especially to brain-workers, the most important of *desiderata*—viz. the means of obtaining a harmless stimulant. Brillat-Savarin had read that Marshal Richelieu was in the habit of chewing lozenges flavoured with amber. Now the Marshal is described by Macaulay as "an old fop who passed his life from sixteen to sixty in seducing women for whom he cared not one straw," but by Frenchmen he is known as the hero "of glorious memory" who took Minorca from the English in sight of their own squadron, what time we vented our insular spleen by shooting a certain admiral, "to encourage others," as Voltaire said. Therefore, Brillat-Savarin thought that whatever the man of glorious memory did must contain a lesson for Gallic humanity. Moreover, he often felt a lassitude of mind which indisposed him to work, and made it almost impossible for him to think with vigour. Wine, as a stimulant, is suited to few persons, though Blackstone wrote his Commentaries in collaboration with a bottle of port; and coffee Brillat-Savarin found even more objectionable, for we have seen that its power over him was too great. At length he discovered that the sovereign restorative, at least for him, was a good cup of chocolate, with a piece of amber in it of about the size of a broad-bean, beaten, of course, to powder, and mixed with sugar. "By means of this tonic," he says, "the action of the vital powers is facilitated, thought develops itself with ease, and I never suffer after it from the insomnia which would be the infallible consequence of a cup of black coffee." There is obviously the same danger in tea as in coffee, besides which, the one and the other are apt to injuriously affect the nervous system, if taken habitually in strong doses.

## From Stratford to London.

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SEEING our dearth of information about Shakspeare is so great, nothing that may be of the slightest value ought to be neglected ; and so it may be worth while to consider what scenes and sights may have been familiar to him in his journeyings to and fro from Stratford to London. The transit can be accomplished now in four or five hours ; but it was no such light matter in the Elizabethan days. The distance is some 100 miles (by Oxford 94), and probably under ordinary circumstances would occupy four or five days to traverse, though no doubt, under pressure, a less time might suffice. These periods would certainly form notable epochs in the poet's life. What a change from "the smoke and uproar and riches of Rome"! No doubt he would seldom travel alone. Perils from robbers were too common and too serious to encourage that practice. But yet he would often be lonely enough ; and many a thought afterwards embodied in immortal shape must have occurred to him during these long hours. It would make a fine picture—the author of *Hamlet*, his "season" over, amidst the woody solitudes of the Chilterns, or slowly wending his way through some lowland marsh. We may be sure he was not idle at these times. The rough rude simple life he saw around him would not be unsuggestive. There is a tradition, as we shall see, that he "studied" his Dogberry in some village he passed through. His tablets must often have been called into requisition. And when the days were fair, and all the landscape wore the beauty of the sunshine, many a "session of sweet silent thought" must have been holden. We cannot doubt that in those long quiet journeys his spirit found for itself nurture and strength. The true poet is like that "bright flower, whose home is everywhere." Often travel-tired, he would find rest for himself in contemplating the face of nature and the humours of men. Indeed, with all their discomforts and annoyances, these may have been precious times for him ; and he may have arrived at his destination a wiser, if a weary, man.

There are two or three sonnets in which he speaks of journeys, possibly of these journeys. The following may have been written at Stratford, at the close of one of them :—

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind when body's work's expired ;

For then my thoughts (from far when I abide)  
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see ;  
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
 Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.  
 So thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
 For thee and for myself no quiet find.

In others we see him in the midst of a journey, weighed down with that strange sorrow whose history seems likely to remain inscrutable :—

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
 When what I seek—my weary travel's end—  
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
 " Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend !"  
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
 His rider loved not speed, being made from thee.  
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
 Which heavily he answers with a groan  
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;  
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

There are others in which he speaks of absences from his friend. Of course Shakspeare made other journeys, besides between Stratford and London ; occasionally he "strolled" with his company ; but in any case these sonnets may be of assistance in picturing him to us as he passed along the roads that we propose to specify. We can see that it was not without knowledge he made Autolycus sing :—

A merry heart goes all the day ;  
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.

## II.

We need scarcely remind our readers that facilities of locomotion in the Elizabethan age were scanty enough. They are probably well aware how scanty such facilities were a century later, and even a century later still. It was much worse in the Elizabethan age. Public coaches did not begin to run, or to stick fast, till nearly half a century after Shakspeare's time. The art of road-making was not yet known ; Metcalfe and Telford, and their worthy biographer Mr. Smiles, belonged to a far distant posterity. What they were pleased to call roads then were mere deeply-rutted tracks, almost or altogether impassable in bad weather ; wide-spreading sloughs with no Mr. Hope at the further edge to lend the

splashed and mired traveller a hand. The country was still generally unenclosed; and all that could be done when the ruts became too deep for endurance was to essay a fresh track by the side of the old one. Some statutes indeed had been passed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, designed to improve certain thoroughfares of notorious badness, and an Act of a more general application had been passed in the reign of Queen Mary; but little or nothing had come of them. The description given in the preamble of the statute of 1555 remained still true: "Highways are now both very noisome and tedious to travel in, and dangerous to all passengers and carriages." We have not yet learnt to control our rivers, and it is still possible sometimes to see wide lakes extending over the land: but this was a common Elizabethan spectacle. Often then, and many a time after, locomotion was completely intercepted by floods. Not so very seldom might it be said that the "contagious fogs" *new*

Falling in the land,  
Have every pelting river made so proud  
That they have overborne their continents:  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn.  
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;  
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud,  
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green  
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.

At such times one's journey could only be pursued by the help of skilful guides, and even so at some risk. To take a late illustration, Thoresby, who died in 1715, tells us in his diary how the rains had "raised the washes upon the road near Ware to that height that passengers from London that were upon that road swam, and a poor higgler was drowned, which prevented me travelling for many hours; yet towards evening we adventured with some country people who conducted us over the meadows, whereby we missed the deepest of the wash at Cheshunt, though we rode to the saddle-skirts for a considerable way, but got safe to Waltham Cross, where we lodged."\*

Such being the roads—so "founderous," as someone calls them—what would the vehicles be?

Carriers' carts † of a sort did struggle along; but for the most part movement was accomplished on foot or on horseback, and conveyance of goods by pack-horses. Horse-litters were occasionally used. Coaches are said to have been introduced by Boomen, Queen Elizabeth's own

\* See Smiles' *Lives of the Engineers*: Metcalfe and Telford, p. 19, ed. 1874.

† Fynes Morison speaks (*temp.* James I.) of "carriers who have long covered wagons, in which they carry passengers from place to place; but this kind of journeying," he adds, "is so tedious, by reason they must take wagon very early and come very late to their inns, that none but women and people of inferior condition travel in this sort."

coachman ; but they were little better, as Mr. Smiles remarks, than carts without springs, the body resting solid upon the axles. And those who used them paid a bitter penalty for the luxury.\* At one of the first audiences which the Queen gave to the French Ambassador, in 1568, she feelingly described to him "the aching pains she was suffering in consequence of having been knocked about in a coach which had been driven a little too fast, only a few days before." About a century later, the public vehicles were popularly known as "hell-carts," and no doubt well deserved the name. One grave objection to wheels was, it seems, that they broke up the roads ! "King James," says Mr. Roberts, "proclaimed that carts and wagons with four wheels, carrying excessive burthens, so galled the highways and the very foundations of bridges, that the king denounced them to the judges as common nuisances, against the weal public, and the use of them an offence. By this proclamation of James I., in the year 1622, no carrier was to travel with a four-wheeled wagon, but only with a cart having two wheels, and only to carry 20 cwt. Anyone transgressing this was to be punished." At Weymouth, in 1635, "the authorities passed a bye-law, that no brewers were to bind the wheels of their carts with iron, as it wore away the pitching of the streets. Precisely similar was the complaint against hackney-coaches, 1638—viz. that they broke up the streets. . . . It having been thought proper to ordain in the year 1662, that the wheels of each cart or wagon should be four inches in the tyre, this was found to be impracticable, for in some parts the ruts could not receive such wheels, nor could the carriages pass. A proclamation stayed the prosecution of offenders till the further order of Parliament." In the Elizabethan age the fact was that the roads could not bear the coaches, and the coaches could not bear the roads ; so there was but little traffic in that way, that fearful institution the stage-coach being a later birth of time.

On foot then, or on horseback, Shakspeare would perform his journeys. That he would ride when he could afford it is the more probable from the fact we gather from certain sonnets that he was lame, for we see no reason to take the words in any non-natural or heterobiographical sense. There is ground for believing that this defect was of no very serious nature ; it has been compared with that of Scott, and that of Byron ; but it would probably make him prefer riding to walking. And we might just ask in passing whether pedestrianising is not a quite modern English taste ? A German, who made a walking tour in this country not a hundred years ago, found such a method of progress not at all practised, and indeed one which exposed him to much suspicion and discomfort. He unbosomed his wonder that it should be so to a coach-fellow-traveller,

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\* See a picture of this invention in Mr. Roberts's *Social History of the Southern Counties*. Perhaps those who have known what it is to be hauled in a bathing-machine across a fine shingly beach can best appreciate the delights of such a means of locomotion.



for he did sometimes indulge himself in a lift. "On my asking him why Englishmen, who were so remarkable for acting up to their own notions and ideas, did not, now and then, merely to see life in every point of view, travel on foot; 'Oh!' said he, 'we are too rich, too lazy, and too proud.'" But, if a quite modern taste, it was, no doubt, an old necessity for many a traveller. See Walton's account of Hooker's walking from Oxford to Exeter.

Horses could be hired at 12*d.* the first day, and 8*d.* a day after till re-delivery. "Mr. John Garland, merchant, mayor of Lyme in 1569, rode to London on town business. His whole charge for himself and horse in London was 3*l.* 5*s.*; the hire of the horse was 5*s.*" Also, it was possible to post, at least in some parts. It was so in Norfolk as early as 1568, as we learn from Blomefield *apud* Roberts. The charge was 2*d.* a mile for the horse, and 6*d.* for the guide "to go and carry back the horse; and the said horses were not to carry any cloak-bag of above ten pounds' weight." A common arrangement for those who did not keep a horse of their own was to buy one at the beginning of a journey and sell it at the end. So late as 1753 a Dr. Skene, of Aberdeen, travelled from London to Edinburgh in this way. He bought a mare for eight guineas in London, rode her nineteen days, and sold her in Edinburgh for what he had given for her.

We have an incidental picture of the travelling equestrian of the seventeenth century, in a book quoted by Mr. Smiles, called *The Grand Concern of England explained in several Proposals to Parliament*, published in 1673, denouncing stage-coaches and caravans. The writer, said to be one John Gressot, of the Charterhouse, insists that stage-coaches were ruinous to trade, "for that most gentlemen, before they travelled in coaches, used to ride with swords, belts, pistols, holsters, portmanteaus, and hat-cases [a heavy cargo this!], which in these coaches they have little or no occasion for; for, when they rode on horseback, they rode in one suit and carried another to wear when they came to their journey's end, or lay by the way; but in coaches a silk suit and an Indian gown, with a sash, silk stockings, and beaver hats, men ride in and carry no other with them, because they escape the wet and dirt, which on horseback they cannot avoid; whereas in two or three journeys on horseback their clothes and hats were wont to be spoiled; which done, they were forced to have new very often, and that increased the consumption of the manufactures and the employment of the manufacturer, which travelling in coaches doth in no way do."

Certainly it was not all plain sailing for the equestrian. It was often as much as he could do, nay more, to get along. Here is a fourteenth century instance: Archbishop Islip, riding from Oxford Palace to Mayfield, Sussex, in 1362, fell from his horse in a wet and miry lane between Sevenoaks and Tunbridge, so that he was wet through all over. In that pitiable state he rode on without any change of clothes, and was seized with paralysis. Think of his poor Grace, the Primate of All

England, utterly dank and bemuddled! And things were scarcely a whit better three centuries after. "Eight hundred horse were taken prisoners in the civil wars in Lincolnshire while sticking in the mire."

Add to all the perils from ruts and sloughs and floods those from highwaymen. The waters were only sometimes out; the robbers always were, professionals or amateurs. The woods that then abounded afforded these gentlemen an excellent cover, which they turned to good account. So early as 1285 some attempt was made to circumscribe this accommodation. It was enacted, says Mr. Smiles, "that all bushes and trees along the roads leading from one market to another should be cut down for two hundred feet on either side, to prevent robbers lurking therein." On the Buckinghamshire proverb, "Here if you beat a bush it's odds you'd start a thief," Fuller, in his *Worthies*, observes, "No doubt there was just occasion for this proverb at the original thereof, which then contained satirical truth, proportioned to the place before it was reformed; whereof thus our great antiquary: 'It was altogether unpassable in times past by reason of trees, until that Leofstane, Abbot of St. Alban's, did cut them down, because they yielded a place of refuge for thieves.' But this proverb is now antiquated as to the truth thereof, Buckinghamshire affording as many maiden assizes as any locality of equal populousness. Yea, hear how she pleadeth for herself that such highwaymen were never her natives, but fled thither for their shelter out of neighbouring counties." We may quite admit the truth of Fuller's latter remark, without believing that highway robbery was at all rare in the county of which he speaks. Certainly in the olden times the Chiltern Hills were notorious for the bandits that haunted them. "We passed through many woods," writes Brunetto Latini, Dante's tutor, of his journey from London to Oxford, "considered here as dangerous places, as they are infested with robbers, which indeed is the case with most of the roads in England. This is a circumstance connived at by the neighbouring barons on consideration of sharing in their booty and of these robbers serving as their protectors on all occasions, personally and with the whole strength of their band. However, as our company was numerous, we had less fear." It was to establish order, or do what he could in that line in this thieves' lair, that the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds was originally appointed. But in all parts of the country a meeting with those who

With a base and boisterous sword enforced  
A thievish living on the common road

was a very common travelling experience. And so it was common to go armed; as appears from the extract given above, from *The Grand Concern*, &c., and could be shown still more fully, if our space permitted, from Harrison's *Description of England*. See the New Shakspeare Society's edition, edited by Mr. Furnivall, Part I., p. 283.

## III.

Having said just as much on the ways and means of Elizabethan travelling as may help us to form a picture of our poet *en route*, let us now name specially the roads which he in all probability followed in passing between his home at Stratford and "his place of business" in London.

There are two main routes between Stratford and London : one by Oxford and High Wycombe, the other by Banbury and Aylesbury. And there are traditions which indicate that Shakspeare used them both. At least that he used the former one may be regarded as fairly certain. For the latter one it is to be said that certainly at a later time it became the recognised route from London, and that one tradition seems to connect him with it.

There would seem good reason for believing that in the Elizabethan age, and later still, that the common route was by Oxford. Mr. Halliwell Phillipp, to whose researches we all owe so much, prints in his *Life of Shakspeare* the following account of some Stratford people who went to London on the business of the Corporation in 1592.

Charges laid out when we went to Court :

Paid for our horsemeat the first night at Oxford . . .	ii.	viii <i>d</i> .
And for our own charges the same night . . .	ii.	ii <i>d</i> .
The second night at Islip for our supper . . .	ii.	iii <i>d</i> .
And for our horsemeat the same night at Islip . . .	ii.	viii <i>d</i> .
The third day for our bait and our horses at Hook Norton . . .		xiii <i>d</i> .
And for walking our horses at Tetsworth and elsewhere . . .		iii <i>d</i> .
Sum for this journey . . .	x.	i <i>d</i> .

We are told by Anthony Wood that Shakspeare in his journeys between Warwickshire and London frequented "the house of John Davenant, a sufficient vintner." It was, and is, a tavern known as the "Crown," in the Corn Market, not far from Carfax Church. And so Aubrey : "Mr. William Shakspeare was wont to go into Warwickshire once a year, and did commonly in this journey lie at this [Davenant's] house in Oxon, where he was exceedingly respected." And so Oldys, on the authority of Pope, who quoted Betterton : "If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn, a tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London." Davenant, the poet, son of the publican, is said to have been Shakspeare's godson, and to have boasted, or at least suggested, that he stood in a yet closer relation to him.

The tradition that connects Shakspeare with the other route mentioned, or rather with a variety of it, is given only by Aubrey :—

"The humour of the constable in *Midsummer Night's Dream* [he means *Much Ado about Nothing*] he happened to take at Grendon, in Bucks, which is the road from London to Stratford ; and there was

living that constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon. I think it was Midsummer night that he happened to lie there. Mr. Jos. Howe is of that parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men daily wherever they came. . . . He was wont to go to his native country once a year."

The *Variorum* version gives Crendon (see iii. 213, ed. 1813), and there is a place called Long Crendon in Bucks, not far from Thame; but we follow the reading of Mr. Halliwell Philipps as more probably sound.\* Grendon, or to give it its full style, Grendon Underwood, lies just to the north of the road—the old Akeman Street—from Aylesbury to Bicester, about six miles from the latter town; and so travelling by the Banbury and Aylesbury route, mentioned above, Shakspeare might easily make the worthy constable's acquaintance. At a later time the coaches, it it would seem, did not go by Bicester, but by Buckingham, as may be learnt from Owen's *Britannia Depicta, or Ogilby Improv'd*, 1749. No doubt the equestrian traveller would perpetually vary his route, for the sake of companionship, or some special flood or other danger, or for mere variety's sake.

That Shakspeare then did not always go *viâ* Oxford is probable enough, and has a tradition in its favour; but we seem justified in believing that *viâ* Oxford was certainly his ordinary route; and so to it we will now give attention.

#### IV.

For the sake of convenience, we will divide the journey into four stages, two between Stratford and Oxford, two between Oxford and London.

(i) *From Stratford to Chipping Norton*, 20 miles. A most pleasant expedition, now-a-days, over a finely undulating country, up the valley of the Stour, by the side, for some miles at least, of noble parks, which in Shakspeare's time, perhaps, were not enclosed. Probably no English county surpasses Warwickshire in quiet loveliness. Nature does not reveal herself there in her more terrible forms, but in a sweet, tranquil beauty, balm-like to the spirit, and deliciously restful. Scott calls "Caledonia stern and wild"—Caledonia, with its brown heaths and shaggy woods, with its mountains and floods—"meet nurse of the poetic child." But this opinion may be justly doubted. The greatest of all poetic children was nursed amid far other scenes—not amidst excitement and grandeur, but amidst calm and peace. The Avon, no doubt, could and did rise at times, and sweep the labours of men and oxen before its swollen current; but for the most part it flowed on, not chafing and

\* That Grendon is right is proved—if any proving is wanted—by the fact, known from other sources, that Mr. Jos. Howe was of Grendon, not Crendon. He was born at Grendon Underwood, Bucks, March 29, 1612, and died August 28, 1701, ætat. ninety. See Bishop Pearson's *Vind. Ignat.*; Hearne's *Robert of Gloucester*, ed. 1810.

mutinying against its restraints, but content and gentle; and Gray, with his fine tact, touches the right chord when he speaks of "lucid Avon" straying. It was amidst sweet silences, which Avon's murmur and Arden's whisperings scarcely broke, that Shakspeare was cradled and nurtured, that the mighty mother did unveil her awful face to her "darling." So too it was with the Jewish prophet. "A great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire"—after all those tumults and terrors—"a still small voice."

"One said no less truly than merrily," writes Fuller of Warwickshire: "It is the heart, but not the core of England," having nothing coarse or choaky therein. The wooded part thereof may want what the fieldon affords; so that Warwickshire is defective in neither. As for the pleasure thereof, an author [Speed] is bold to say, that from Edgehill one may behold it another Eden, as Lot did the Plain of Jordan; but he might have put in: 'It is not altogether so well watered.'"

Shakspeare would leave Stratford by the Clopton Bridge, and then presently turn his face due southward. Soon the road rises. When it falls slightly again, amidst noble trees, he would lose sight of Trinity spire, and feel that his native town was really left behind. At Alderminster, if the day was bright, he might linger a few minutes by the church, so picturesque and picturesquely situated. And then on, beneath trees that, some of them at least, still lend a grateful shadow, by Newbold to Tredington, little dreaming as he passed by the point where a road strikes off to Lower Easington, that there some day on a cross would be inscribed doggrel mentioning him:—

6 miles to Shakspeare's Town whose name  
Is known throughout the earth  
To Shipton 4, whose lesser fame  
Boasts no such poet's birth.

What comfort even this feeble quatrain might have ministered to him, could he have seen it that first journey, when he was setting forth to try his fortune in strange fields; when, whatever the confidence with which his genius inspired him, his course was yet dim and uncertain; and who knew whether when "the surly sullen bell," which gave warning to the world that he was fled from it, had ceased tolling, any one would care his "poor name" to rehearse? Just where that cross now stands, he may one day have stood, faint and weary, hesitating, despondent. It is, however, quite as probable that when he reached the bifurcation he was in the highest possible spirits, and punned villanously on the name of the neighbouring hamlets.

He might turn a quarter of a mile or so from the high road to look at the fine church at Tredington, with its Norman doorway and its monuments; and, perhaps, gossiping with some native—"he was a handsome,

well-shaped man," quoth Aubrey, "very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit"—would hear, and would himself crack some joke about the ever hard-up rector. "I have heard Mr. Trap say," so writes the Rev. John Ward, sometime (1662-1679) vicar of Stratford, "that the parsons of Tredington were always needy. One Dr. Brett, who was parson before Dr. Smith, was to marry one Mr. Hicks; and Mr. Hicks, in a vapour, laid a handful of gold and silver upon the book; and he took it all. [Why should not he? What was it put on the book for?] Whereupon Mr. Hicks went to him, and told him of it that he did not intend to have given him all: it was about ten pound. Says he, 'I want, and I will pay thee again;' but never did."

The first place worthy of the name of town he would arrive at would be Shipston-on-Stour, situated on a somewhat bleak upland. A quiet place in these days, but once, as is shown by the inns which still abound, lively enough with coaches and traffic. They gape in vain now, the yard gates, except haply on market-days and at the mop-fair; and the horns that once made the old streets ring are blown, if blown at all, on the banks of the Styx, no longer of the Stour. "In this bleak ill-cultivated track,"\* writes one who traversed it not quite a century since, "the lower class of labouring poor, who have very little other employment in winter than thrashing out corn, are much distressed for the want of fuel, and think it economy to lie much in bed, to save both firing and provisions."

Now on to Long Compton. "The intervening country is open, exposed, and not very rich," says the writer just quoted, and his description may serve for the earlier time. It is deficient in planting, which in course of time would generate warmth to the atmosphere, and convert the various influences of the heavens into a nutritive vegetable mould that would eventually enrich it." The water-shed of the Stour is now reached. Long Compton† lies straggling in a way that justifies its adjective across a valley, from either edge of which are obtainable fine views, those to the north from above Weston House especially so. It is from this place that Burghley writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury, when he dates thus: "From Compton-in-the-Hole (so well called for a deep valley; but surely the entertainment is very good, and here have I wished your lordship), 23rd August, 1572." Crossing the Combe, which gives the village its name, even the most uninterested and uninteresting tourist would, we should suppose, turn a few steps aside to see the antiquarian glory of Oxfordshire, for we are now in Oxfordshire—the Rollrich-stones.‡ They probably show less well now than in Shak-

\* See *Tour in England and Scotland in 1785*. By Thomas Newton, Esq.

† At Barton-on-the-Heath, some two miles from Long Compton, lived Robert Dover, of Cotswold games celebrity. (*Merry Wives*, I. i. 92.) See Britton's *Beauties of England and Wales*: Warwickshire.

‡ See Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the 13th Song, and Selden's note.



speare's day, for Time and the farmers have been busy. We may certainly imagine him lingering in that mysterious circle, wondering what faith or what sorrow or what triumph it was that had once arranged it, hearing perchance from some old shepherd the stories of the Whispering Knights and of the disappointed King. Here indeed were "sermons in stones." The original language was dark and hidden; yet, for all that, they were rich in significance, in suggestion, in pathos. An old MS., quoted by Hearne in his edition of Robert of Gloucester's *Chronicle*, describing the *Mirabilia Britanniae*, ends thus: "Sunt magni lapides in Oxenfordensi pago, manu hominum quasi sub quadam connexione dispositi, set a quo tempore vel a qua gente vel ad quid memorandum vel signandum factum fuerit, ignoratur. Ab incolis autem vocatur locus ille Rolendrych."

Dropping across another valley, we presently reach Chipping Norton, for no longer can one put up at Chapel House at Cold Norton, a well-known hostelry once—"a most excellent inn, and fitted up in the first style of accommodation," says a last century traveller. "The Chapel" originally belonged, as we learn from Murray, to an Augustinian priory, founded *temp.* Henry II. When Shakspeare passed by, this priory had been suppressed only some fifty years; and, probably enough, ruins were yet standing, and the Chapel looked not altogether unlike itself. At Chipping Norton he would find accommodation in abundance; for it must have been then, as it had been long before (so its name shows) an important market town, and as it was long afterwards, an important station for travellers. When, in 1749, a coach was started to run from Birmingham to London, *vid* Oxford, "It breakfasts," writes Lady Lubborough to Shenstone, whom she wishes to avail himself of it, "at Henley [in Arden], and lies at Chipping Norton." The town consists mainly of one long street, which it would seem consisted mainly of inns. The church, not much changed probably since the sixteenth century, with its picturesque site, its double north aisle, its hexagonal south porch, and its old monuments, is well worth a visit.

(ii) *From Chipping Norton to Oxford*, 20 miles.—Regaining the high road, Shakspeare would, as far as Woodstock, follow the course of the Glyme, which flows into the Evenlode, which flows into the Isis. The first village encountered is Neat Enstone, half a mile south of Enstone. He might turn aside to see Enstone church, and smile over the legend of the murdered Kenelm, son of Kenulphus, to whom it is dedicated, having, perhaps, Latin enough to interpret the old leonines—always provided he came across them:—

In Clene sub spina jacet in convalle bovina  
Vertice privatus, Kenelmus fraude necatus.

At least let us think of him visiting the Hoarstone, as it is called, the (A. S. *Ent*. = giants) Giant's stone, that is said to give the village its name, for it would lie but a few yards out of his way. We say "it," but in fact there are four other stones, the Hoarstone alone surviving

upright. They formed once, it may be believed, a rude tomb with four cumbrous sides and a cumbrous roof, with earth heaped all round them or over them. How long might a giant lie i' the earth ere he rot? He must, surely, have an extra allowance of years.

Passing now on through the hamlet of Over Kiddington, with its ruined cross—at Nether Kiddington, a mile on the left, is a church said to be worth seeing, but we cannot see everything—by Ditchley Park,\* home of the Lees, who were destined to be celebrated hereafter by a brother-genius; then, after perhaps a slight detour, to Glympton, and passing on the right the road to Cornbury Hall (only five miles off), where Leicester, Elizabeth's Leicester, perished by the poison prepared, it is said, for his wife; keeping by the old wall of Woodstock Park—it is said to have been the first park enclosed with a wall—our poet would arrive at Woodstock town. For him, obvious associations here would be the Fair Rosamond and the poet Chaucer. The story of the former has been shown to be much mixed with fable; the connection of the latter with Woodstock is now wholly doubted, though, after all, we may disbelieve that Thomas Chaucer was the son of the poet without disbelieving that the poet, who was connected with the court and with princes of the blood, visited a palace so famous in his time and so much frequented. Shakspeare would enjoy the Chaucer memory, at least, with no allaying scepticism; and as he strolled through that glorious park, might have a vision of Theseus, to be portrayed by himself some day, "to the laund riding him full right," or of Palamon and Arcite madly fighting—fighting

"breem, as it were boares two."

Or, perhaps, in a realistic vein, he drew a grotesque picture to himself of the royal lover losing the thread and finding himself involved in his own labyrinth, with his Rosamond close by, yet inaccessible, so near and yet so far, while the queen sat fuming and frowning outside, unable to discover the aperture through which her truant spouse had disappeared.

Woodstock would have also associations with his own time. The palace had been one of the places of the queen's confinement during her

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\* "Hence [from Cornbury] we went to see the famous wells, natural and artificial grotts and fountains, called Bushell's Wells, at Enstone. This Bushell had been secretary to my Lord Verulam. It is an extraordinary solitude. There he had two mummies; a grott where he lay in a hammock like an Indian. Hence we went to Dichley, an ancient seat of the Lees, now Sir Hen. Lee's; it is a low, ancient timber-house, with a pretty bowling-green. My lady gave us an extraordinary dinner. This gentleman's mother was Countess of Rochester, who was also there, and Sir Walter Saint John. There were some pictures of their ancestors not ill-painted; the great-grandfather had been Knight of the Garter; there was the picture of a Pope, and our Saviour's head. So we returned to Cornbury."—Evelyn's *Diary*, Oct. 20, 1664. This Sir Henry Lee would be, so far as date goes—Bevis belonged to the grandfather—Scott's hero. It would have pleased the author of *Woodstock* to know, that the Will whom his hero is for ever quoting, must often have passed close by Ditchley Park, and might have patted the head, or pinched the ear, of his admirer when a boy.

sister's reign. It was here she heard the milkmaid singing, and envied her happy lot. The verses she is said to have written upon that occasion may have been still decipherable in Shakspeare's time, and he may have perused them on their extraordinary tablet:—

O Fortune, how thy restless, wavering state  
Hath wrought with cares my troubled wit!  
Witness this present prison whither fate  
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.  
Thou caused'st the guilty to be loosed  
From bands wherein are innocents enclosed;  
Causing me guiltless to be strait reserved,  
And freeing those that death have well deserved.  
But by her malice can be nothing wrought;  
So God send to my foes all they have thought.

A.D. 1555.

ELIZABETH, PRISONER.

And so, by Begbrooke and Wolvercote, with a drink, perhaps, at Aristotle's well, into Oxford by St. Giles's Street, to the Crown, or, perhaps, on his first visit, to some humbler shelter.

What a revelation of delight and beauty to the youth from Stratford! It would form an epoch in his life, this first passing under the spell of Oxford. It was like entering the Presence. The colleges, already venerable, seemed the very homes of learning and thought. His shrewd observation would, indeed, presently suggest to him that folly and ignorance had here and there intruded themselves, and that often the Muses must be blushing for those called their sons; but so broad and wise a critic would never make the blunder of forgetting in certain abuses the magnificent uses and the magnificent fruits of the great school within whose precincts his heart beat with a new rapture. It was a temple dedicated to Wisdom, and we may believe he bowed his head in it with a sincere worship. To say nothing else, the mere outward beauty of the place, its halls and quadrangles and groves, its antiquity which showed as "a lusty winter, frosty but kindly," its stately towers, the majestic river on whose waters its fair face was mirrored—the mere outward beauty of the place would gladden his inmost soul.

(iii) *From Oxford to High Wycombe*, 25 miles.—The common route from Oxford to London was by Tetworth, High Wycombe, and Beaconsfield. It was by this route that Brunetto Latini, from whom we have already quoted, proceeded in the thirteenth century. Harrison, in the Elizabethan age, in his chapter on Thorougfares, mentions it. This is his list of the intermediate places: "Whatleie, Thetisford, Stockingchurch, East Wickham, Beaconsfield, Uxbridge." The Stratford citizens went this way on the occasion referred to above. So Evelyn, in 1664, going "with my lord visct. Cornbury to Cornbury in Oxfordshire, to assist him in the planting of the park and bear him company, with Mr. Belin and Mr. May, in a coach with six horses; dined at Uxbridge, lay at Wickam." Returning from Oxford, "we came back by Beaconsfield; next day to London, where we dined at the lord Chan-

cellor's with my lord Bellasis." And endless other instances might be given. But the route by Henley is scarcely four miles longer, and no doubt was often taken.

Shakspeare would pass down "the High," and beneath Magdalen Tower, across Magdalen Bridge, and then turn to the left. He might keep to the main road, go on up Heddington Hill, and so pass near Forest Hill, where the Powells lived, with whom Milton was to be one day connected, perhaps exchanging a "good morrow" with the future father of Mary; or, more probably, he would take the nearer road which runs just north of Horspath, and so to Wheatley. Then crossing the Thame, on to Tetsworth, where he might pause to look at the rude sculptures over the south doorway of the church. Then mounting the hill in front of him, he would find the Chilterns now close at hand, stretching from north to south before him like a wall, here richly beech-wooded, there bare down. Near Aston Rowant, which lies a little to the north of the road, there were objects of interest on either hand that might well have attracted him, did his leisure serve. Some two miles to the south there was Shirburne Castle, looking much as we see it now, much as the men of the fourteenth century had seen it, with its towers and moat and draw-bridges, as perfect a representation of the Middle Ages as exists, we suppose, at least exteriorly; the interior is modernised. It was here, but not in the present building, which dates from 1377 according to Murray, that Brunetto Latini passed a night. Some eight miles to the north from Aston Rowant, he would find localised traditions of a king on whom he was himself to confer immortal distinction; for the Kimbles—Great Kimble, Little Kimble, and Kimblewick—near Princes Risborough, are said to have derived their name from Cymbeline, or Kimbelinus *apud* Geoffrey of Monmouth, Kimbel *apud* Robert of Gloucester. A yet older form of his name—the form found on certain coins—is found close by in Cunobelin's Camp. The mound by Great Kimble church, the Whiteleaf Cross on Green Holly Hill, and the earthwork just mentioned, all give to the neighbourhood a strange traditional interest. And it has other charms. The view to the west, from near Cunobelin's Camp, is of unusual extent and beauty; and it is good to be there for a summer's evening.

He looked and saw wide territory spread  
Before him, towns and rural works between.

Let us now go on our way from Aston Rowant to the Chilterns, by Stokenchurch Hill to Stokenchurch. Thick wood still covers the sides of the Chilterns here; the thieves that once swarmed in them are no more, or rather have transferred themselves to some other beat, for we cannot flatter ourselves or them that they have grown honest. They only do not rob here because there is no one to rob, and because that way of doing the business is something out of date. Stokenchurch has now a deserted look; it seems created for coaches to drive through, and at the present time they are like angels' visits. On now across the

Common into Buckinghamshire, to West Wycombe, not in Shakspeare's time deformed by a church so unsightly and in such vile taste, with its "hypethral mausoleum," which looks rather like an overgrown pound. And so to High or Chipping Wycombe, called also by Harrison, as we have seen, East Wycombe, whose most interesting feature is its large and handsome church, with its fine Perpendicular tower.

(iv) *From High Wycombe to London*, 29 miles.—The road runs alongside of the Wick till, when a mile beyond Loudwater, that streamlet turns south towards the Thames; and then makes for Beaconsfield, to be made famous in after days by the residence of Waller (at Hall Barns) and Burke (at Gregory's, or Butler's Court, as he named it). The church lies close by the wayside, and might well attract the traveller's notice. And now on by a gentle descent, passing on the right of Bulstrode Park, with its old earthwork and legend of Saxon daring, and then across the common by Gerard's or Jarrett's Cross. And so crossing the Colne into Middlesex, to Uxbridge, in whose main street still stand many houses that, to judge from their appearance and style, were there when Shakspeare passed through. The place has long outshone its mother village. "Though," says a writer\* in 1761, "it is entirely independent, and is governed by two bailiffs, two constables, and four head-boroughs, it is only a hamlet to Great Hillington" [*sic*].

The road would now, no doubt, begin to give evidence of the proximity of the metropolis in an increasing number of passengers. The attractive force of the great centre would be more manifestly shown, and Shakspeare would see a striking illustration of one of his own similes:—

As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre;  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat.

From Hillingdon Hill, with Harrow on his left and Windsor in the distance on his right, he would look down on the champaign in which London lies. And then, now on the very threshold of his Promised Land, across Hillingdon Heath, and through Northcote, near Southall; over Hanwell Common, through Ealing Dean to Acton, by Kensington Gravel Pits, through Tyburn, all along Oxford Street as far as High Street, when, following the old line, he would turn off by St. Giles'-in-the-Fields (then really so), and proceed along Broad Street, and so along Holborn, houses now beginning to multiply around him, and so, at last, into LONDON.

J. W. HALES.

\* *London and its Environs*, &c., 6 vols. Printed for R. and J. Dodsley. 1761.

"Out of the mouth of babes."

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My little niece and I—I read  
 My Plato in my easy chair:  
 And she was building on the floor  
 A pack of cards with wondrous care.

We worked in silence, but, alas!  
 Among the cards a mighty spill.  
 And then the little ape exclaimed,  
 "Well! Such is life! Look, Uncle Will!

I gave a start and dropped my book—  
 It was the Phædo I had read—  
 A sympathetic current thrilled,  
 Like lightning, through my heart and head.

I eyed with curious awe the child,  
 The unconscious Sibyl, where she sat,  
 Whose thoughtless tongue could babble forth  
 Strange parables of life and fate.

Yes, such is life! a Babel house,  
 A common doom hath tumbled all,  
 King, Queen, and Knave, and plain, and trump,  
 A motley crew in motley fall!

We rear our hopes, no Pharaoh's tomb,  
 Nor brass could build so sure a name;  
 But, soon or late, a sad collapse,  
 And great the ruin of the same.



Ab such is life! Oh, sad and strange  
That Love and Wisdom so ordain!  
Some ere the Builder's hands have yet  
One card against another lain;

Some when the house is tiny still;  
Some when you've built a little more;  
And some when patience hath achieved  
A second, third, or higher floor.

Or should you win the topmost stage,  
Yet is the strength but toil and pain—  
And here the tiny voice rejoined,  
"But I can build it up again."

My height of awe was reached. Can babes  
Behold what reason scans in vain?  
Ah, childhood is divine, I thought,—  
Yes, Lizzie, build it up again!

F. E. T.

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## Dual Consciousness.

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RATHER more than two years ago we considered\* in these pages the theory originally propounded by Sir Henry Holland, but then recently advocated by Dr. Brown-Sequard, of New York, that we have two brains, each perfectly sufficient for the full performance of mental functions. We did not for our own part either advocate or oppose that theory, but simply considered the facts which had been urged in support of it, or which then occurred to us as bearing upon it, whether for or against. We showed, however, that some classes of phenomena which had been quoted in support of the theory seemed in reality opposed to it when all the circumstances were considered. For example, Brown-Sequard had referred to some of those well-known cases in which during severe illness a language forgotten in the patient's ordinary condition had been recalled, the recollection of the language enduring only while the illness lasted. We pointed to a case in which there had not been two mental conditions only, as indicated by the language of the patient, but three; the person in question having in the beginning of his illness spoken English only, in the middle of his illness French only, and on the day of his death Italian only (the language of his childhood). The interpretation of that case, and of others of a similar kind, must, we remarked, be very different from that which Brown-Sequard assigned, perhaps correctly, "to cases of twofold mental life." A case of the last-named kind has recently been discussed in scientific circles, which appears to us to bear very forcibly on the question whether Holland's theory of a dual brain is correct. We propose briefly to describe and examine this case, and some others belonging to the same class, two of which were touched upon in our former essay, but slightly only, as forming but a small part of the evidence dealt with by Brown-Sequard, whose arguments we were then considering. We wish now to deal, not with the question of the duality of the brain, but with the more general question of dual or intermittent consciousness.

Among the cases dealt with by Brown-Sequard was that of a boy at Notting Hill, who had two mental lives. Neither life presented anything specially remarkable in itself. The boy was a well-mannered lad in his abnormal as well as in his normal condition,—or one might almost say (as will appear more clearly after other cases have been considered) that the *two* boys were quiet and well-behaved. But the two mental lives were entirely distinct. In his normal condition the boy remembered

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\* See the *Cornhill Magazine* for September, 1874.

nothing which had happened in his abnormal condition; and *vice versa*, in his abnormal condition he remembered nothing which had happened in his normal condition. He changed from either condition to the other in the same manner. "The head was seen to fall suddenly, and his eyes closed, but he remained erect if standing at the time, or if sitting he remained in that position (if talking, he stopped for a while, and if moving, he stopped moving); and after a minute or two his head rose, he started up, opened his eyes, and was wide awake again." While the head was drooped, he appeared as if either sleeping or falling asleep. He remained in the abnormal state for a period which varied between one hour and three hours; it appears that every day, or nearly every day, he fell once into his abnormal condition.

This case need not detain us long; but there are some points in it which deserve more attention than they seem to have received from Dr. Brown-Sequard. It is clear that if the normal and abnormal mental lives of this boy had been entirely distinct, then in the abnormal condition he would have been ignorant and—in those points in which manners depend on training—ill-mannered. He would have known only, in this condition, what he had learned in this condition; and as only about a tenth part of his life was passed in the abnormal condition, and presumably that portion of his life not usually selected as a suitable time for teaching him, the abnormal boy would of necessity be much more backward in all things which the young are taught than the normal boy. As nothing of this kind was noted, it would appear probable that the boy's earlier years were common to both lives, and that his unconsciousness of his ordinary life during the abnormal condition extended only to those parts of his ordinary life which had passed since these seizures had begun. Unfortunately Brown-Sequard's account does not mention when this had happened.

It does not appear that the dual brain theory is required so far as this case is concerned. The phenomena seem rather to suggest a peculiarity in the circulation of the brain corresponding in some degree to the condition probably prevailing during somnambulism or hypnotism, though with characteristic differences. It may at least be said that no more valid reason exists for regarding this boy's case as illustrating the distinctive duality of the brain than for so regarding some of the more remarkable cases of somnambulism; for though these differ in certain respects from the boy's case, they resemble it in the circumstances on which Brown-Sequard's argument is founded. Speaking generally of hypnotism,—that is, of somnambulism artificially produced,—Dr. Carpenter says, "In hypnotism, as in ordinary somnambulism, no remembrance whatever is preserved, in the waking state, of anything that may have occurred during its continuance; although the previous train of thought may be taken up and continued uninterruptedly on the next occasion when hypnotism is induced." In these respects, the phenomena of hypnotism precisely resemble those of dual consciousness as observed in

the boy's case. In what follows we observe features of divergence. Thus "when the mind is not excited to activity by the stimulus of external impressions, the hypnotized subject appears to be profoundly asleep; a state of complete torpor, in fact, being usually the first result of the process just described, and any subsequent manifestation of activity being procurable only by the prompting of the operator. The hypnotized subject, too, rarely opens his eyes; his bodily movements are usually slow; his mental operations require a considerable time for their performance; and there is altogether an appearance of heaviness about him, which contrasts strongly with the comparatively wide-awake air of him who has not passed beyond the ordinary biological state."

It would not be easy to find an exact parallel to the case of the two-lived boy in any recorded instance of somnambulism. In fact, it is to be remembered that recorded instances of mental phenomena are all selected for the very reason that they are exceptional, so that it would be unreasonable to expect them closely to resemble each other. One case, however, may be cited, which in certain points resembles the case of Dr. Brown-Sequard's patient. It occurred within Dr. Carpenter's own experience. A young lady of highly nervous temperament suffered from a long and severe illness, characterized by all the most marked forms of hysterical disorder. In the course of this illness came a time when she had a succession of somnambulist seizures. "The state of somnambulism usually supervened in this case in the waking state, instead of arising, as it more commonly does, out of the conditions of ordinary sleep. In this condition, her ideas were at first entirely fixed upon one subject—the death of her only brother, which had occurred some years previously. To this brother she had been very strongly attached; she had nursed him in his last illness; and it was perhaps the return of the anniversary of his death, about the time when the somnambulism first occurred, that gave to her thoughts that particular direction. She talked constantly of him, retraced all the circumstances of his illness, and was unconscious of anything that was said to her which had not reference to this subject. . . . Although her eyes were open, she recognised no one in this state,—not even her own sister, who, it should be mentioned, had not been at home at the time of her brother's last illness." (It will presently appear, however, that she was able to recognise those who were about her during these attacks, since she retained ill-feeling against one of them; moreover, the sentences which immediately follow suggest that the sense of sight was not dormant.) "It happened on one occasion, that when she passed into this condition, her sister, who was present, was wearing a locket containing some of their deceased brother's hair. As soon as she perceived this locket, she made a violent snatch at it, and would not be satisfied until she had got it into her possession, when she began to talk to it in the most endearing and even extravagant terms. Her feelings were so strongly excited on this subject that it was deemed prudent to check them; and as she was inaccessible to all entreaties for the

relinquishment of the locket, force was employed to obtain it from her. She was so determined, however, not to give it up, and was so angry at the gentle violence used, that it was found necessary to abandon the attempt, and having become calmer after a time she passed off into ordinary sleep. Before going to sleep, however, she placed the locket under her pillow, remarking, 'Now I have hid it safely, and they shall not take it from me.' On awaking in the morning, she had not the slightest consciousness of what had passed; but the impression of the excited feelings still remained; for she remarked to her sister: 'I cannot tell what it is that makes me feel so, but every time that S. comes near me, I have a kind of shuddering sensation;' the individual named being a servant, whose constant attention to her had given rise to a feeling of strong attachment on the side of the invalid, but who had been the chief actor in the scene of the previous evening. This feeling wore off in the course of a day or two. A few days afterwards, the somnambulism again returned; and the patient being upon her bed at the time, immediately began to search for the locket under her pillow." As it had been removed in the interval, "she was unable to find it; at which she expressed great disappointment, and continued searching for it, with the remark, '*It must be there*; I put it there myself a few minutes ago, and no one can have taken it away.' In this state the presence of S. renewed her previous feelings of anger; and it was only by sending S. out of the room that she could be calmed and induced to sleep. The patient was the subject of many subsequent attacks, in every one of which the anger against S. revived, until the current of thought changed, no longer running exclusively upon what related to her brother, but becoming capable of direction by *suggestions* of various kinds presented to her mind, either in conversation, or, more directly, through the several organs of sense."

We have been particular in quoting the above account, because it appears to us to illustrate well, not only the relation between the phenomena of dual consciousness and somnambulism, but the dependence of either class of phenomena on the physical condition. If it should appear that dual consciousness is invariably associated with some disorder either of the nervous system or of the circulation, it would be impossible, or at least very difficult, to maintain Brown-Sequard's explanation of the boy's case. For one can hardly imagine it possible that a disorder of the sort should be localised so far as the brain is concerned, while in other respects affecting the body generally. It so chanced that the remarkable case recently dealt with by French men of science forms a sort of connecting link between the boy's case and the case just cited. It closely resembles the former in certain characteristic features, while it resembles the latter in the evidence which it affords of the influence of the physical condition on the phenomena of double consciousness. The original narrative by M. Azam is exceedingly prolix; but it has been skilfully condensed by Mr. H. J. Slack, in the pages of a quarterly journal of science. We follow his version in the main.

The subject of the disorder, Felida X., was born in Bordeaux in 1843. Until the age of thirteen she differed in no respect from other girls. But about that time symptoms of hysterical disorder presented themselves, and although she was free from lung-disease, she was troubled with frequent spitting of blood. After this had continued about a year, she for the first time manifested the phenomena of double unconsciousness. Sharp pains attacked both temples, and in a few moments she became unconscious. This lasted ten minutes, after which she opened her eyes, and entered into what M. Azam calls her second state, in which she remained for an hour or two, after which the pains and unconsciousness came on again, and she returned to her ordinary condition. At intervals of about five or six days, such attacks were repeated; and her relations noticed that her character and conduct during her abnormal state were changed. Finding also that in her usual condition she remembered nothing which had passed when she was in the other state, they thought she was becoming idiotic; and presently called in M. Azam, who was connected with a lunatic asylum. Fortunately he was not so enthusiastic a student of mental aberration as to recognise a case for the lunatic asylum in every instance of phenomenal mental action. He found Felida intelligent, but melancholy, morose, and taciturn, very industrious, and with a strong will. She was very anxious about her bodily health. At this time the mental changes occurred more frequently than before. Nearly every day, as she sat with her work on her knees, a violent pain shot suddenly through her temples, her head dropped upon her breast, her arms fell by her side, and she passed into a sort of sleep, from which neither noises, pinches, nor pricks could awaken her. This condition lasted now only two or three minutes. "She woke up in quite another state, smiling gaily, speaking briskly, and trilling (*fredonnant*) over her work, which she recommenced at the point where she left it. She would get up, walk actively, and scarcely complained of any of the pains she had suffered so severely a few minutes before. She busied herself about the house, paid calls, and behaved like a healthy young girl of her age. In this state she remembered perfectly all that had happened in her two conditions." (In this respect her case is distinct from both the former, and is quite exceptional. In fact, the inclusion of the consciousness of both conditions during the continuance of one condition only, renders her case not, strictly speaking, one of double consciousness, the two conditions not being perfectly distinct from each other.) "In this second life, as in the other, her moral and intellectual faculties, though different, were uncontestedly sound. After a time (which in 1858 lasted three or four hours), her gaiety disappeared, the torpor suddenly ensued, and in two or three minutes she opened her eyes and re-entered her ordinary life, resuming any work she was engaged in just where she left off. In this state she bemoaned her condition, and was quite unconscious of what had passed in the previous state. If asked to continue a ballad she had been singing she knew nothing about it, and if she had received a visitor



she believed she had seen no one. The forgetfulness extended to everything which happened during her second state, and not to any ideas or information acquired before her illness." Thus her early life was held in remembrance during both her conditions, her consciousness in these two conditions being in this respect single; in her second or less usual condition she remembered also all the events of her life, including what had passed since these seizures began; and it was only in her more usual condition that a portion of her life was lost to her—that, namely, which had passed during her second condition. In 1858 a new phenomenon was occasionally noticed as occasionally occurring—she would sometimes wake from her second condition in a fit of terror, recognising no one but her husband. The terror did not last long, however; and during sixteen years of her married life her husband only noticed this terror on thirty occasions.

A painful circumstance preceding her marriage somewhat forcibly exhibited the distinction between her two states of consciousness. Rigid in morality during her usual condition, she was shocked by the insults of a brutal neighbour, who told her of a confession made to M. Azam during her second condition, and accused her of shamming innocence. The attack—unfortunately but too well founded as far as facts were concerned—brought on violent convulsions, which required medical attendance during two or three hours. It is important to notice the difference thus indicated between the character of the personalities corresponding to her two conditions. "Her moral faculties," says M. Azam, "were incontestably sound in her second life, though different,"—by which, be it understood, he means simply that her sense of right and wrong was just during her second condition, not of course that her conduct was irreproachable. She was in this condition, as in the other, altogether responsible for her actions. But her power of self-control, or rather perhaps the relative power of her will as compared with tendencies to wrong-doing, was manifestly weaker during her second condition. In fact, in one condition she was oppressed and saddened by pain and anxiety, whereas in the other she was almost free from pain, gay, light-hearted, and hopeful. Now we cannot altogether agree with Mr. Slack's remark, that if, during her second state, "she had committed a robbery or an assassination, no moral responsibility could have been assumed to rest upon her with any certainty, by any one acquainted with her history," for her moral faculties in her second condition being incontestably sound, she was clearly responsible for her actions while in that condition. But certainly the question of punishment for such an offence would be not a little complicated by her twofold personality. To the woman in her ordinary condition, remembering nothing of the crime committed (on the supposition we are dealing with), in her abnormal condition, punishment for that crime would certainly seem unjust, seeing that her liability to enter into that condition had not in any degree depended on her own will. The drunkard who, waking in the morning with no recollection of the events of the past night, finds himself in gaol for some crime committed during that time,

although he may think the punishment he has to endure severe measure for a crime of which in his ordinary condition he is incapable, knows at least that he is responsible for placing himself under that influence which made the crime possible. Supposing even he had not had sufficient experience of his own character when under the influence of liquor to have reason to fear he might be guilty of the offence, he yet perceives that to make intoxication under any circumstances an excuse for crime would be most dangerous to the community, and that he suffers punishment justly. But the case of dual consciousness is altogether different, and certainly where responsibility exists under both conditions, while yet impulse and the restraining power of will are differently related in one and the other condition, the problem of satisfying justice is a most perplexing one. Here are in effect two different persons residing in one body, and it is impossible to punish one without punishing the other also. Supposing justice waited until the abnormal condition was resumed, then the offender would probably recognise the justice of punishment; but if the effects of the punishment continued until the usual condition returned, a person would suffer who was conscious of no crime. If the offence were murder, and if capital punishment were inflicted, the ordinary individuality, innocent entirely of murder, would be extinguished along with the first, a manifest injustice. As Huxley says of a similar case, "the problem of responsibility is here as complicated as that of the prince-bishop, who swore as a prince and not as a bishop. 'But, your highness, if the prince is damned, what will become of the bishop?' said the peasant." \*

It does not appear to us that there is in the case of Felida X. any valid reason for regarding the theory of two brains as the only available explanation. It is a noteworthy circumstance that the pains preceding each change of condition affected both sides of the head. Some modification of the circulation seems suggested as the true explanation of the changes in condition, though the precise nature of such modification, or how it may have been brought about, would probably be very difficult to determine. The state of health, however, on which the attacks depended seems to have affected the whole body of the patient, and the case presents no features suggesting any lateral localisation of the cerebral changes.

On the other hand, the case of Sergeant F. (a few of the circumstances of which were mentioned in our essay entitled "Have we two Brains?"), seems to correspond with Dr. Holland's theory, though that theory is far from explaining all the circumstances. The man was wounded by a bullet which fractured his *left* parietal bone, and his *right* arm and leg were almost immediately paralysed. When he recovered consciousness

\* Should any doubt whether these conditions of dual existence are a reality (a doubt, however, which the next case dealt with in the text should remove), we would remind them that a similar difficulty unmistakably existed in the case of Eng and Chang, the Siamese twins. It would have been almost impossible to inflict any punishment on one by which the other would not suffer, and capital punishment inflicted on one would have involved the death of the other.

three weeks later, the *right* side of the body was completely paralysed, and remained so for a year. These circumstances indicate that the cause of the mischief still existing is the shock which the left side of the brain received when the man was wounded. The right side may have learned (as it were) to exercise the functions formerly belonging to the left side, and thus may have passed away the paralysis affecting the right side until this had happened. These points are discussed in the essay above named, however, and need not here detain us. Others which were not then dealt with may now be noted with advantage. We would specially note some which render it doubtful whether in the abnormal condition the man's brain acts at all, whether in fact his condition, so far as consciousness was concerned, is not similar to that of a frog deprived of its brain in a certain well-known experiment. (This appears to be the opinion to which Professor Huxley inclines, though, with proper scientific caution, he seems disposed to suspend his judgment.) The facts are very singular, whatever the explanation may be.

In the normal condition, the man is what he was before he was wounded—an intelligent, kindly fellow, performing satisfactorily the duties of a hospital attendant. The abnormal state is ushered in by pains in the forehead, as if caused by the constriction of a band of iron. In this state the eyes are open and the pupils dilated. (The reader will remember Charles Reade's description of David Dodd's eyes, "like those of a seal.") The eyeballs work incessantly, and the jaws maintain a chewing motion. If the man is *en pays de connaissance*, he walks about as usual; but in a new place, or if obstacles are set in his way, he stumbles, feels about with his hands, and so finds his way. He offers no resistance to any forces which may act upon him, and shows no signs of pain if pins are thrust into his body by kindly experimenters. No noise affects him. He eats and drinks apparently without tasting or smelling his food, accepting assafoetida or vinegar as readily as the finest claret. He is sensible to light only under certain conditions. But the sense of touch is strangely exalted (in all respects apparently except as to sensations of pain or pleasure), taking in fact the place of all the other senses. We say the sense of touch, but it is not clear whether there is any real sensation at all. The man appears in the abnormal condition to be a mere machine. This is strikingly exemplified in the following case, which we translate directly from Dr. Mesnet's account:—"He was walking in the garden under a group of trees, and his stick, which he had dropped a few minutes before, was placed in his hands. He feels it, moves his hand several times along the bent handle of the stick, becomes watchful, seems to listen, suddenly he calls out, 'Henry!' then, 'There they are! there are at least a score of them! join us two, we shall manage it.' And then putting his hand behind his back as if to take a cartridge, he goes through the movement of loading his weapon, lays himself flat on the grass, his head concealed by a tree, in the posture of a sharpshooter, and with shouldered weapon follows all the movements of the enemy whom

he fancies he sees at a short distance." This, however, is an assumption, the man cannot in this state *fancy* he sees, unless he has at least a recollection of the sensation of sight, and this would imply cerebral activity. Huxley, more cautious, says justly that the question arises "whether the series of actions constituting this singular pantomime was accompanied by the ordinary states of consciousness, the appropriate train of ideas or not? Did the man dream that he was skirmishing? or was he in the condition of one of Vaucouson's automata—a mechanism worked by molecular changes in his nervous system? The analogy of the frog shows that the latter assumption is perfectly justifiable."

The pantomimic actions just related corresponded to what probably happened a few moments before the man was wounded; but this human automaton (so to call him, without theorising as to his actual condition) goes through other performances. He has a good voice, and was at one time a singer in a *café*. "In one of his abnormal states he was observed to begin humming a tune. He then went to his room, dressed himself carefully, and took up some parts of a periodical novel which lay on his bed, as if he were trying to find something. Dr. Mesnet, suspecting that he was seeking his music, made up one of these into a roll and put it into his hand. He appeared satisfied, took up his cane and went downstairs to the door. Here Dr. Mesnet turned him round, and he walked quite contentedly in the opposite direction, towards the room of the *concierge*. The light of the sun shining through a window now happened to fall upon him, and seemed to suggest the footlights of the stage on which he was accustomed to make his appearance. He stopped, opened his roll of imaginary music, put himself into the attitude of a singer, and sung, with perfect execution, three songs, one after the other. After which he wiped his face with his handkerchief and drank, without a grimace, a tumbler of strong vinegar and water which was put into his hand."

But the most remarkable part of the whole story is that which follows. "Sitting at a table in one of his abnormal states, Sergeant F. took up a pen, felt for paper and ink, and began to write a letter to his general, in which he recommended himself for a medal on account of his good conduct and courage." (Rather a strange thing, by the way, for a mere automaton to do.) "It occurred to Dr. Mesnet to ascertain experimentally how far vision was concerned in this act of writing. He therefore interposed a screen between the man's eyes and his hands; under these circumstances, F. went on writing for a short time, but the words became illegible, and he finally stopped, without manifesting any discontent. On the withdrawal of the screen, he began to write again where he had left off. The substitution of water for ink in the inkstand had a similar result. He stopped, looked at his pen, wiped it on his coat, dipped it in the water, and began again with a similar result. On another occasion, he began to write upon the topmost of ten superimposed sheets of paper. After he had written a line or two, this sheet was suddenly drawn away. There was a slight expression of surprise.

but he continued his letter on the second sheet exactly as if it had been the first. This operation was repeated five times, so that the fifth sheet contained nothing but the writer's signature at the bottom of the page. Nevertheless, when the signature was finished, his eyes turned to the top of the blank sheet, and he went through the form of reading what he had written—a movement of the lips accompanying each word; moreover, with his pen, he put in such corrections as were needed, in that part of the blank page which corresponded with the position of the words which required correction in the sheets which had been taken away. If the five sheets had been transparent, therefore, they would, when superposed, have formed a properly written and corrected letter. Immediately after he had written his letter, F. got up, walked down to the garden, made himself a cigarette, lighted and smoked it. He was about to prepare another, but sought in vain for his tobacco-pouch, which had been purposely taken away. The pouch was now thrust before his eyes and put under his nose, but he neither saw nor smelt it; when, however, it was placed in his hand, he at once seized it, made a fresh cigarette, and ignited a match to light the latter. The match was blown out, and another lighted match placed close before his eyes, but he made no attempt to take it; and if his cigarette was lighted for him, he made no attempt to smoke. All this time his eyes were vacant, and neither winked nor exhibited any contraction of the pupil."

These and other similar experiments are explained by Dr. Mesnet (and Professor Huxley appears to agree with him) by the theory that F. "sees some things and not others; that the sense of sight is accessible to all things which are brought into relation with him by the sense of touch, and, on the contrary, insensible to all things which lie outside this relation." It seems to us that the evidence scarcely supports this conclusion. In every case where F. appears to see, it is quite possible that in reality he is guided entirely by the sense of touch. All the circumstances accord much better with this explanation than with the theory that the sense of sight was in any way affected. Thus the sunlight shining through the window must have affected the sense of touch, and in a manner similar to what F. had experienced when before the footlights of the stage, where he was accustomed to appear as a singer. In this respect there was a much closer resemblance between the effect of sunlight and that of the light from footlights, than in the circumstances under which both sources of light affect the sense of sight. For in one case the light came from above, in the other from below; the heat would in neither case be sensibly localised. Again, when a screen was interposed between his eyes and the paper on which he was writing, he probably became conscious of its presence in the same way that a blind man is conscious of the presence of objects near him, even in some cases of objects quite remote, by some subtle effects discernible by the sense of touch excited to abnormal relative activity in the absence of impressions derived from the sense of sight. It is true that one might



have expected him to continue writing legibly, notwithstanding the interposed screen; but the consciousness of the existence of what in his normal condition would effectually have prevented his writing legibly, would be sufficient to explain his failure. If, while in full possession of all our senses, the expectation of failure quite commonly causes failure, how much more likely would this be to happen to a man in F.'s unfortunate abnormal condition. The sense of touch again would suffice to indicate the presence of water instead of ink in his pen when he was writing. We question whether the difference might not be recognised by any person of sensitive touch after a little practice; but certainly a blind man, whose sense of touch was abnormally developed, would recognise the difference, as we know from experiments which have indicated even greater delicacy of perception than would be required for this purpose. The experiment with superposed sheets of paper is more remarkable than any of the others, but certainly does not suggest that light makes any impression upon Sergeant F. It proves, in fact, so far as any experiment could prove such a point, that the sense of touch alone regulates the man's movements. Unconscious of any change (because, after the momentary surprise produced by the withdrawal of the paper, he still found he had paper to write on) he continued writing. He certainly did not in this case, as Dr. Mesnet suggests, see all things which are brought into relation with him by the sense of touch; for if he had, he would not have continued to write when he found the words already written no longer discernible.

On the whole, it appears reasonable to conclude, as Professor Huxley does, that though F. may be conscious in his abnormal state, he may also be a mere automaton for the time being. The only circumstance which seems to oppose itself very markedly to the latter view is the letter-writing. Everything else that this man did was what he had already done prior to the accident. If it could be shown that the letters written in his abnormal state were transcripts, not merely *verbatim et literatim*, but exact in every point, of some which he had written before he was wounded, then a strong case would be made out for the automaton theory. Certainly few instances have come under the experience of scientific men where a human being has so closely resembled a mere machine as this man appears to do in his abnormal condition.

The moral nature of F. in his abnormal condition is for this reason a matter of less interest than it would be, did he show more of the semblance of conscious humanity. Still it is worthy of notice, that, whereas in his normal condition he is a perfectly honest man, in his abnormal state "he is an inveterate thief, stealing and hiding away whatever he can lay hands on with much dexterity, and with an absolutely absurd indifference as to whether the property is his own or not."

It will be observed that the cases of dual consciousness thus far considered, though alike in some respects, present characteristic divergencies. In that of the boy at Norwood, the two characters were very



similar, so far as can be judged, and each life was distinct from the other. The next case was only introduced to illustrate the resemblance in certain respects between the phenomena of somnambulism and those of double or rather alternating consciousness. The woman Felida X. changed markedly in character when she passed from one state to the other. Her case was also distinguished from that of the boy, by the circumstance that in one state she was conscious of what had passed in the other, but while in this other state was unconscious of what had passed in the former. Lastly, in Sergeant F.'s case we have to deal with the effect of an injury to the brain, and find a much greater difference between the two conditions than in the other cases. Not only does the man change in character, but it may justly be said that he is little more than an animal, even if he can be regarded as more than a mere automaton while in the abnormal condition. We find that a similar variety characterizes other stories of double consciousness. Not only are no two cases closely alike, but no case has been noted which has not been distinguished by some very marked feature from all others.

Thus, although in certain respects the case we have next to consider resembles very significantly the case of Sergeant F., it also has a special significance of its own, and may help us to interpret the general problem presented to us by the phenomena of dual consciousness. We abridge and in some respects simplify the account given by Dr. Carpenter in his interesting treatise on *Mental Physiology*. Comments of our own are distinguished from the abridged narrative by being placed within brackets :—

A young woman of robust constitution had narrowly escaped drowning. She was insensible for six hours, and continued unwell after being restored to animation. Ten days later she was seized with a fit of complete stupor, which lasted four hours; when she opened her eyes she seemed to recognise no one, and appeared to be utterly deprived of the senses of hearing, taste, and smell, as well as of the power of speech. Sight and touch remained, but though movements were excited and controlled by these senses, they seemed to arouse no ideas in her mind. In fact, her mental faculties seemed entirely suspended. Her vision at short distances was quick, and the least touch startled her; but unless she was touched or an object were placed where she could not help seeing it, she took no notice of what was passing around her. [It does not appear to us certain that at this stage of her illness she *saw* in the ordinary sense of the word; the sense of touch may alone have been affected, as it certainly is affected to some degree by any object so placed that *it could not but be seen by a short-sighted person*. But it is clear that later the sense of sight was restored, supposing, which is not perhaps probable, that it was ever lost in the early stage.] She did not even know her own mother, who attended constantly upon her. Wherever she was placed she remained. Her appetite was good, but [like F.] she ate indifferently whatever she was fed with, and took nauseous

medicines as readily as agreeable food. Her movements were solely of the automatic kind. Thus, she swallowed food put into her mouth, but made no effort to feed herself. Yet when her mother had conveyed the spoon [in the patient's hand] a few times to her mouth, the patient continued the operation. It was necessary, however, to repeat this lesson every time she was fed, showing the complete absence of memory. "The very limited nature of her faculties, and the automatic life she was leading, appear further evident from the following particulars. One of her first acts on recovering from the fit had been to busy herself in picking the bedclothes; and as soon as she was able to sit up and be dressed, she continued the habit by incessantly picking some portion of her dress. She seemed to want an occupation for her fingers, and accordingly part of an old straw bonnet was given to her, which she pulled into pieces with great minuteness; she was afterwards bountifully supplied with roses: she picked off the leaves, and then tore them up into the smallest particles imaginable. A few days subsequently, she began forming upon the table, out of those minute particles, rude figures of roses, and other common garden flowers; she had never received any instructions in drawing. Roses not being so plentiful in London, waste paper and a pair of scissors were put into her hand, and for some days she found an occupation in cutting the paper into shreds; after a time these cuttings assumed rude shapes and figures, and more particularly the shapes used in patchwork. At length she was supplied with proper materials for patchwork, and after some initiatory instruction, she took to her needle and to this employment in good earnest. She now laboured incessantly at patchwork from morning till night, and on Sundays and week-days, for she knew no difference of days; nor could she be made to comprehend the difference. She had no remembrance from day to day of what she had been doing on the previous day, and so every morning commenced *de novo*. Whatever she began, that she continued to work at while daylight lasted; manifesting no uneasiness for anything to eat or drink, taking not the slightest heed of anything which was going on around her, but intent only on her patchwork." From this time she began to improve, learning like a child to register ideas. She presently learned worsted-work, and showed delight in the harmony of colours and considerable taste in selecting between good and bad patterns. After a while she began to devise patterns of her own. But she still had no memory from day to day of what she had done, and unless the unfinished work of one day was set before her on the next, she would begin something new.

And now, for the first time, ideas derived from her life before her illness seemed to be awakened within her. When pictures of flowers, trees, and animals were shown her, she was pleased; but when she was shown a landscape in which there was a river or a troubled sea, she became violently agitated, and a fit of spasmodic rigidity and insensibility immediately followed. The mere sight of water in motion made

her shudder. Again, from an early stage of her illness she had derived pleasure from the proximity of a young man to whom she had been attached. At a time when she did not remember from one hour to another what she was doing, she would anxiously await his evening visit, and be fretful if he failed to pay it. When, during her removal to the country, she lost sight of him, she became unhappy and suffered from frequent fits; on the other hand, when he remained constantly near her, she improved in health, and early associations were gradually awakened.

At length a day came when she uttered her first words in this her second life. She had learned to take heed of objects and persons around her; and on one occasion, seeing her mother excessively agitated, she became excited herself, and suddenly, yet hesitatingly, exclaimed, "What's the matter!" After this she began to articulate a few words. For a time she called every object and person "this," then gave their right names to wild flowers (of which she had been passionately fond when a child), and this "at a time when she exhibited not the least recollection of the 'old familiar friends and places' of her childhood." The gradual expansion of her intellect was manifested chiefly at this time in signs of emotional excitement, frequently followed by attacks of spasmodic rigidity and insensibility.

It was through the emotions that the patient was restored to the consciousness of her former self. She became aware that her lover was paying attention to another woman, and the emotion of jealousy was so strongly excited that she had a fit of insensibility which resembled her first attack in duration and severity. But it restored her to herself. "When the insensibility passed off she was no longer spell-bound. The veil of oblivion was withdrawn; and, as if awakening from a sleep of twelve months' duration, she found herself surrounded by her grandfather, grandmother, and their familiar friends and acquaintances. She awoke in the possession of her natural faculties and former knowledge; but without the slightest remembrance of anything which had taken place in the year's interval, from the invasion of the first fit to the [then] present time. She spoke, but she heard not; she was still deaf, but being able to read and write as formerly, she was no longer cut off from communication with others. From this time she rapidly improved, but for some time continued deaf. She soon perfectly understood by the motion of her lips what her mother said; they conversed with facility and quickness together, but she did not understand the language of the lips of a stranger. She was completely unaware of the change in her lover's affections which had taken place in her state of second consciousness; and a painful explanation was necessary. This, however, she bore very well; and she has since recovered her previous bodily and mental health."

There is little in this interesting narrative to suggest that the duality of consciousness in this case was in any way dependent on the duality of the brain. During the patient's abnormal condition the functions of the

brain [proper] would seem to have been for a time in complete abeyance, and then to have been gradually restored. One can perceive no reason for supposing that the shock she had sustained would affect one side rather than the other side of the brain, nor why her recovery should restore one side to activity and cause the side which (in the dual brain hypothesis) had been active during her second condition to resume its original activity. The phenomena appear to suggest that in some way the molecular arrangement of the brain matter became modified during her second condition; and that when the original arrangement was restored all recognisable traces of impressions received while the abnormal arrangement lasted were obliterated. As Mr. Slack presents one form of this idea, "the grey matter of the brain may have its molecules arranged in patterns somewhat analogous to those of steel filings under the influence of a magnet, but in some way the direction of the forces—or vibrations—may be changed in them. The pattern will then be different." We know certainly that thought and sensation depend on material processes,—chemical reactions between the blood and the muscular tissues. Without the free circulation of blood in the brain, there can be neither clear thought nor ready sensation. With changes in the nature of the circulation come changes in the quality of thought and the nature of sensation, and with them the emotions are changed also. Such changes affect all of us to some degree. It may well be that such cases as we have been dealing with are simply instances of the exaggerated operation of causes with which we are all familiar; and it may also be that in the exaggeration itself of these causes of change lies the explanation of the characteristic peculiarity of cases of dual consciousness,—the circumstance namely that either the two states of consciousness are absolutely distinct one from the other, or that in one state only are events remembered which happened in the other, no recollection whatever remaining in this latter state of what happened in the other, or, lastly, that only faint impressions excited by some intense emotion experienced in one state remain in the other state.

It seems possible, also, that some cases of another kind may find their explanation in this direction, as, for instance, cases in which, through some strange sympathy, the brain of one person so responds to the thoughts of another that for the time being the personality of the person thus influenced may be regarded as in effect changed into that of the person producing the influence. Thus, in one singular case cited by Dr. Carpenter, a lady was "metamorphosed into the worthy clergyman on whose ministry she attended" (*sic*), "and with whom she was personally intimate. I shall never forget," he says, "the intensity of the lackadaisical tone in which she replied to the matrimonial counsels of the physician to whom he (she) had been led to give a long detail of his (her) hypochondriacal symptoms: 'A wife for a dying man, doctor.' No *intentional* simulation could have approached the exactness of the imitation alike in tone, manners, and language, which spontaneously pro-

ceeded from the idea with which the fair subject was possessed, that she herself experienced all the discomforts whose detail she had doubtless frequently heard from the real sufferer." The same lady, at Dr. Carpenter's request, mentally "ascended in a balloon and proceeded to the North Pole in search of Sir John Franklin, whom she found alive; and her description of his appearance and that of his companions was given with an inimitable expression of sorrow and pity."

It appears to us that very great interest attaches to the researches made by Prof. Barrett into cases of this kind, and that it is in this direction we are to look for the explanation of many mysterious phenomena formerly regarded as supernatural, but probably all admitting (at least all that have been properly authenticated) of being interpreted so soon as the circumstances on which consciousness depends shall have been determined. Thus the following account of experiments made at the village school in Westmeath seem especially suggestive: "Selecting some of the village children, and placing them in a quiet room, giving each some small object to look at steadily, he found one amongst the number who readily passed into a state of reverie. In that state the subject could be made to believe the most extravagant statements, such as that the table was a mountain, a chair a pony, a mark on the floor an insuperable obstacle. The girl thus mesmerised passed on the second occasion into a state of deeper sleep or trance, wherein no sensation whatever was experienced, unless accompanied by pressure on the eyebrows of the subject. When the pressure of the fingers was removed, the girl fell back in her chair utterly unconscious of all around, and had lost all control over her voluntary muscles. On reapplying the pressure, though her eyes remained closed, she sat up and answered questions readily, but the manner in which she answered them, her acts and expressions, were capable of wonderful diversity, by merely altering the place on the head where the pressure was applied. So sudden and marked were the changes produced by a movement of the fingers that the operation seemed very like playing on some musical instrument. On a third occasion the subject, after passing through these, which have been termed the biological and phrenological states, became at length keenly and wonderfully sensitive to the voice and acts of the operator. It was impossible for the latter to call the girl by her name, however faintly and inaudibly to those around, without at once eliciting a prompt response. If the operator tasted, smelt, or touched anything, or experienced any sudden sensation of warmth or cold, a corresponding effect was produced on the subject, though nothing was said, nor could the subject have seen what had occurred to the operator. To be assured of this, he bandaged the girl's eyes with great care, and the operator having gone behind the girl to the other end of the room, he watched him and the girl, and repeatedly assured himself of this fact." Thus far, Prof. Barrett's observations, depending in part on what the operator experienced, may be open to just so much doubt as may affect our opinion of



the veracity of a person unknown; but in what follows we have his own experience alone to consider. "Having mesmerised the girl himself, he took a card at random from a pack which was in a drawer in another room. Glancing at the card to see what it was, he placed it within a book, and in that state brought it to the girl. Giving her the closed book, he asked her to tell him what he had put within its leaves. She held the book close to the side of her head, and said, 'I see something inside with red spots on it;' and she afterwards said there were five red spots on it. The card was the five of diamonds. The same result occurred with another card; and when an Irish bank-note was substituted for the card, she said, 'Oh, now I see a number of heads—so many I cannot count them.' He found that she sometimes failed to guess correctly, asserting that the things were dim; and she could give no information of what was within the book unless he had previously known what it was himself. More remarkable still, he asked her to go in imagination to Regent Street, in London, and tell him what shops she had seen. The girl had never been out of her remote village, but she correctly described to him Mr. Ladd's shop, of which he happened to be thinking, and mentioned the large clock that overhangs the entrance to Beak Street. In many other cases he convinced himself that the existence of a distinct idea in his own mind gave rise to an image of the idea (that is, to a corresponding image) on the mind of the subject; not always a clear image, but one that could not fail to be recognised as a more or less distorted reflection of his own thought." It is important to notice the limit which a scientific observer thus recognised in the range of the subject's perceptions. It has been stated that subjects in this condition have been able to describe occurrences not known to any person, which yet have been subsequently verified. Although some narratives of the kind have come from persons not likely to relate what they *knew* to be untrue, the possibility of error outweighs the probability that such narratives can really be true. There is a form of unconscious cerebration by which untruthful narratives come to be concocted in the mind. For instance, Dr. Carpenter heard a scrupulously conscientious lady asseverate that a table "rapped" when nobody was within a yard of it; but the story was disproved by the lady herself, who found from her note-book, recording what really took place, that the hands of six persons rested on the table when it rapped. And apart from the unconscious fiction-producing power of the mind, there is always the possibility, nay, often the extreme probability, that the facts of a case may be misunderstood. Persons may be supposed to know nothing about an event who have been conscious of its every detail; nay, a person may himself be unconscious of his having known, and in fact of his really knowing, of a particular event. Dual consciousness in this particular sense is a quite common experience, as, for instance, when a story is told us which we receive at first as new, until gradually the recollection dawns upon us, and becomes momentarily clearer and clearer, not only that we have



heard it before, but of the circumstances under which we heard it, and even of details which the narrator from whom a few moments before we received it as a new story has omitted to mention.\*

The most important of all the questions depending on dual consciousness is one into which we could not properly enter at any length in these pages—the question, namely, of the relation between the condition of the brain and responsibility, whether such responsibility be considered with reference to human laws or to a higher and all-knowing tribunal. But there are some points not wanting in interest which may be here more properly considered.

In the first place it is to be noticed that a person who has passed into a state of abnormal consciousness, or who is in the habit of doing so, can have no knowledge of the fact in his normal condition except from the information of others. The boy at Norwood might be told of what he had said and done while in his less usual condition, but so far as any experience of his own was concerned he might during all that time have been in a profound sleep. Similarly of all the other cases. So that we have here the singular circumstance to consider, that a person may have to depend on the information of others respecting his own behaviour—not during sleep or mental aberration or ordinary absence of mind—but (in some cases at least) while in possession of all his faculties and while unquestionably responsible for his actions. Not only might a person find himself thus held responsible for actions of which he had no knowledge, and perhaps undeservedly blamed or condemned, but he might find himself regarded as untruthful because of his perfectly honest denial of all knowledge of the conduct attributed to him. If such cases were common, again, it would not improbably happen that the simulation of dual consciousness would become a frequent means of attempting to evade responsibility.

Another curious point to be noticed is this. Supposing one subject to alternations of consciousness were told that in his abnormal condition he suffered intense pain or mental anguish in consequence of particular

\* An instance of the sort turns up in Pope's correspondence with Addison, and serves to explain a discrepancy between Tickell's edition of the *Spectator* and the original. In No. 253, Addison had remarked that none of the critics had taken notice of a peculiarity in the description of Sisyphus lifting his stone up the hill, which is no sooner carried to the top of it but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. "This double motion," says Addison, "is admirably described in the numbers of those verses. In the four first it is heaved up by several spondees intermixed with proper breathing-places, and at last trundles down in a continual line of dactyls." On this Pope remarks: "I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's Treatise, who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression, when you see the passage, which you must needs have read, though it be since slipped out of your memory." These words, by the way, were the last (except "I am, with the utmost esteem, &c.") ever addressed by Pope to Addison. It was in this letter that Pope with sly malice asked Addison to look over the first two books of his (Pope's) translation of Homer.

actions during his normal state, how far would he be influenced to refrain from such actions by the fear of causing pain or sorrow to his "double," a being of whose pains and sorrows, nay, of whose very existence, he was unconscious? In ordinary life a man refrains from particular actions which have been followed by unpleasant consequences, reasoning, in some cases, "I will not do so-and-so, because I suffered on such and such occasions when I did so" (we set religious considerations entirely on one side by assuming that the particular actions are not contrary to any moral law), in others, "I will not do so-and-so because my so doing on former occasions has caused trouble to my friend A or B:" but it is strange to imagine any one reasoning, "I will not do so-and-so because my so doing on former occasions has caused my second self to experience pain and anguish, of which I myself have not the slightest recollection." A man may care for his own well-being, or be unwilling to bring trouble on his friends, but who is that second self that his troubles should excite the sympathy of his fellow-consciousness? The considerations here touched on are not so entirely beyond ordinary experience as might be supposed. It may happen to any man to have occasion to enter into an apparently unconscious condition during which in reality severe pains may be suffered by another self, though on his return to his ordinary condition no recollection of those pains may remain, and though to all appearance he has been all the time in a state of absolute stupor; and it may be a reasonable question, not perhaps whether he or his double shall suffer such pains, but whether the body which both inhabit will suffer while he is unconscious or while that other consciousness comes into existence. That this is no imaginary supposition is shown by several cases in Abercrombie's treatise on the *Intellectual Powers*. Take, for instance, the following narrative:—"A boy," he tells us, "at the age of four suffered fracture of the skull, for which he underwent the operation of the trepan. He was at the time in a state of perfect stupor, and after his recovery retained no recollection either of the accident or of the operation. At the age of fifteen, however, during the delirium of fever, he gave his mother an account of the operation, and the persons who were present at it, with a correct description of their dress, and other minute particulars. He had never been observed to allude to it before; and no means were known by which he could have acquired the circumstances which he mentioned." Suppose one day a person in the delirium of fever or under some other exciting cause should describe to those around the tortures experienced during some operation, when under the influence of anæsthetics he had appeared to all around to be totally unconscious, dwelling in a special manner perhaps on the horror of pains accompanied by utter powerlessness to shriek or groan, or even to move; how far would the possibilities suggested by such a narrative influence one who had a painful operation to undergo, knowing as he would quite certainly, that whatever pains his *alter ego* might have to suffer, not the slightest recollection of them would remain in his ordinary condition?

There is indeed almost as strange a mystery in unconsciousness as there is in the phenomena of dual consciousness. The man who has passed for a time into unconsciousness through a blow, or fall, or fit, cannot help asking himself like Bernard Langdon in that weird tale of Elsie Venner, "Where was the mind, the soul, the thinking principle all that time?" It is irresistibly borne in upon him that he has been dead for a time. As Holmes reasons, "a man is stunned by a blow and becomes unconscious, another gets a harder blow and it kills him. Does he become unconscious too? If so, *when*, and *how does he come to his consciousness?* The man who has had a slight and moderate blow comes to himself when the immediate shock passes off and the organs begin to work again, or when a bit of the skull is 'pried' up, if that happens to be broken. Suppose the blow is hard enough to spoil the brain and stop the play of the organs, what happens then?" So far as physical science is concerned there is no answer to this question; but physical science does not as yet comprehend all the knowable, and the knowable comprehends not all that has been, is, and will be. What we know and can know is nothing, the unknown and the unknowable are alike infinite.

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## Carità.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## MYSTIFIED.

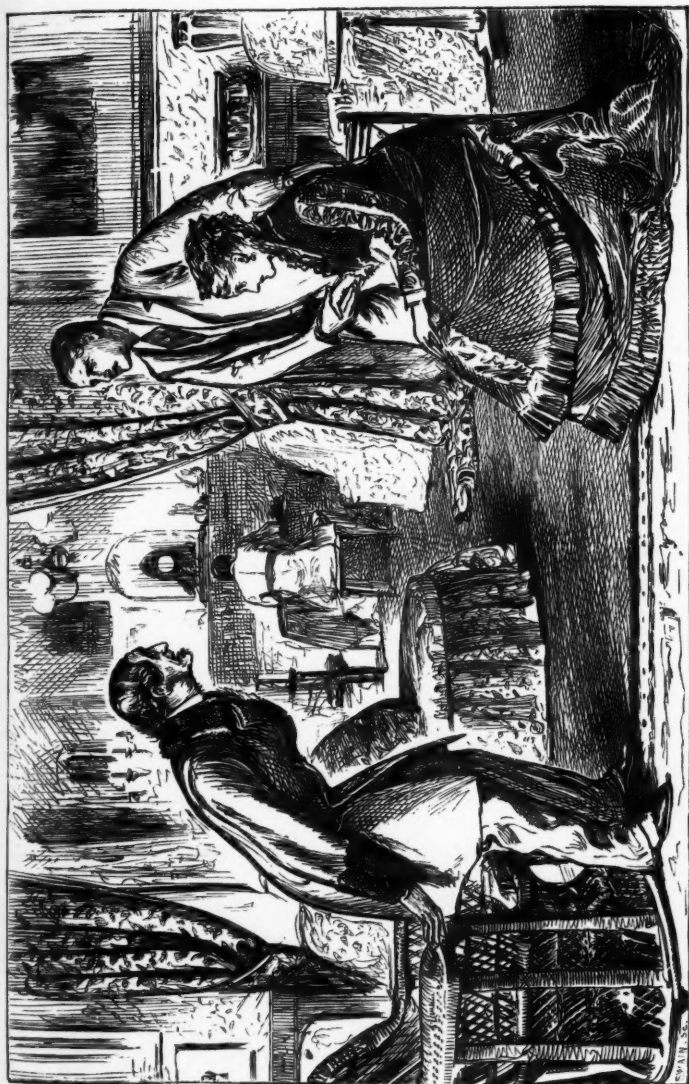


Y dear boy, said Mrs. Meredith, "I see what you are thinking of. You are young to settle in life, and about means there might be some difficulty; but to see you happy I would make any sacrifice. Nothing is so important as to make a good choice, which you have done, thank God. That goes beyond every prudential consideration. Nothing else matters in com-

parison;" and, as she said this, tears stood in her soft eyes. It was a long speech for Mrs. Meredith. Oswald had come back to the drawing-room in a loose jacket, with some lingering odour of his cigar about him, to bid his mother good-night. She was standing by the mantelpiece with her candle in her hand, while he stood close by, looking down into the fire, caressing the down, scarcely developed into a moustache, on his upper lip, and thus hiding a conscious smile.

"So you think my choice a good one, mother?" he said, with a laugh.

Mrs. Meredith did not think him serious enough for such a serious moment; but then how useless it is to go on contending with people because they will not feel as you think proper in every emergency! After all, every one must act according to his nature; the easy man cannot be made restless, nor the light-hearted solemn. This was Mrs. Meredith's philosophy. But she gave a little sigh, as she had often done, to the frivolity of her elder son. It was late, and the fire was very low upon the hearth—one of the lamps had burned out—the room was dimmer than usual; in a corner Edward sat reading or pretending to read, rather glum, silent, and sad. Oswald, who had come in, in a very pleasant disposition, as indeed he generally was, smoothed his young



"YES, YOU KUNG HUH!" CRIED THE OLD MAN, JUMPING UP.

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moustache with great complacency. He saw at once that it was Cara of whom his mother was thinking, and it was not at all disagreeable to him that she should think so. He was quite willing to be taken for Cara's lover. There was no harm in a little mystification, and the thought on the whole pleased him.

"Ah, Oswald, I wish you were a little more serious, especially at such a moment," said his mother; "there are so many things to think of. I wish you would try to realise that it is a very, very important moment in your life."

"It is a very pleasant one, at least," he said, smiling at her—with a smile which from the time of his baby naughtiness had always subdued his mother—and he lighted her candle, and stooped with filial grace to kiss her cheek. "Good-night, mother, and don't trouble about me. I am very happy," he said, with a half-laugh at his own cleverness in carrying on this delusion. Oswald thought a great deal of his own cleverness. It was a pleasant subject to him. He stood for some time after his mother was gone, looking down into the waning fire and smiling to himself. He enjoyed the idea reflected from their minds that he was an accepted lover, a happy man betrothed and enjoying the first sweetness of love. He had not said so; he had done nothing, so far as he was aware, to originate such a notion; but it rather amused and flattered him now that they had of themselves quite gratuitously started it. As for Cara herself being displeased or annoyed by it, that did not occur to him. She was only just a girl, not a person of dignity, and there could be no injury to her in such a report. Besides, it was not his doing; he was noway to blame. Poor dear little Cara! if it did come to that, a man was not much to be pitied who had Cara to fall back upon at the last.

Thus he stood musing, with that conscious smile on his face, now and then casting a glance at himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece. He was not thinking of his brother, who sat behind with the same book in his hands that he had been pretending to read all the evening. Edward rose when his mother was gone, and came up to the fire. He was no master of words befitting the occasion; he wanted to say something, and he did not know what to say. His elder brother, the most popular of the two—he who was always a little in advance of Edward in everything, admired and beloved and thought of as Edward had never been—how was the younger, less brilliant, less considered brother to say anything to him that bore the character of advice? And yet Edward's heart ached to do so; to tell the truth his heart ached for more than this. It had seemed to him that Cara confided in himself, believed in his affectionate sympathy more than she did in Oswald's: and to see Oswald in the triumphant position of avowed lover as they all thought him to be, was gall and bitterness to the poor young fellow, in whose heart for all these years a warm recollection of Cara had been smouldering. He was the poor man whose ewe-lamb his rich brother had taken, and the pang of surprised distress in his soul was all the bitterer for that consciousness which never quite left his

mind, that Oswald was always the one preferred. But Edward, though he felt this, was not of an envious nature, and was rather sad for himself than resentful of his brother's happiness. He went up to him, dragged by his tender heart much against the resistance of his will, feeling that he too must say something. He laid his hand, which quivered a little with suppressed agitation, on Oswald's shoulder.

"I don't know what to say to you, old fellow," he said, with an attempt at an easy tone. "I needn't wish you happiness, for you've got it——"

In spite of himself Oswald laughed. He had a schoolboy's delight in mystification, and somehow a sense of Edward's disappointment came in, and gave him a still greater perception of the joke. Not that he wished to hurt Edward, but to most men who know nothing of love, there is so much of the ridiculous involved, even in a disappointment, that the one who is heart-whole may be deliberately cruel without any evil intention. "Oh, yes, I am happy enough," he said, looking round at his brother, who, for his part, could not meet his eyes.

"I hope you won't mind what I am going to say to you?" said Edward. "I am not so light-hearted a fellow as you are, and that makes me, perhaps, notice others. Oswald, look here—*she* is not so light-hearted as you are, either. She wants taking care of. She is very sensitive, and feels many things that perhaps you would not feel. Don't be vexed. I thought I would just say this once for all—and there is no good thing I don't wish you," cried Edward, concluding abruptly, to cover the little break in his voice.

"You needn't look so glum about it, Ned," said his brother. "I don't mean to be turned off to-morrow. We shall have time to mingle our tears on various occasions before then. Mamma and you have a way of jumping at conclusions. As for *her*——"

"I don't like slang on such a subject," said Edward, hotly. "Never mind; there are some things we should never agree upon if we talked till doomsday. Good-night."

"Good-night, old man, and I wish you a better temper—unless you'll come and have another cigar first," said Oswald, with cheerful assurance. "My mind is too full for sleep."

"Your mind is full of——"

"Her, of course," said Oswald, with a laugh; and he went downstairs whistling the air of Fortunio's song—

Je sais mourir pour ma mie,  
Sans la nommer.

He was delighted with the mistake which mystified everybody and awakened envies, and regrets, and congratulations, which were all in their different ways tributes to his importance. And no doubt the mistake might be turned into reality at any moment should he decide that this would be desirable. He had only to ask Cara, he felt, and she would be

as pleased as the others ; and, indeed, under the influence of a suggestion which made him feel his own importance so delightfully, Oswald was not at all sure that this was not the best thing, and the evident conclusion of the whole. But in the meantime he let his mind float away upon other fancies. *Her !* how little they knew who She was whom they thus ignorantly discussed. When he had got into the sanctuary of smoke, at which Mrs. Meredith shook her head, but which she had carefully prepared for her boys all the same, Oswald lit the other cigar which he had invited his brother to accompany, and sat down with that smile still upon his face, to enjoy it and his fancies. He laid his hand indolently upon a book, but his own musings were at the moment more amusing, more pleasantly exciting than any novel. The situation pleased and stimulated his fancy in every way. The demure little school procession, the meek young conventual beauty, so subdued and soft, yet with sparkles responsive to be struck out of her, half frightened, yet at the same time elevated above all the temptations that might have assailed other girls—it was scarcely possible to realise anything more captivating to the imagination. He sat and dreamed over it all till the small hours after midnight sounded one by one, and his fire went out, and he began to feel chilly ; upon which argument Oswald, still smiling to himself, went to bed, well pleased with his fancies as with everything else belonging to him ; and all the better pleased that he felt conscious of having roused a considerable deal of excitement and emotion, and of having, without any decided intention on his own part, delightfully taken in everybody, which delighted the schoolboy part of his nature. To be so clever as he was conscious of being, and a poet, and a great many other fine things, it was astonishing how much of the schoolboy was still in him. But yet he had no compunction as he went up the long staircase : he had not finished, nor indeed made the least advance with his poem.

From old Pietro's canvas freshly sprung  
Fair face !—

This beginning was what he liked best.

Edward was moved in a very different way. He would have been magnanimous and given up Cara—that is, having no real right to Cara, he might have given up the youthful imagination of her which had always been his favourite fancy, to his brother, with some wringing of the heart, but with that compensation which youth has in the sublime sense of self-sacrifice. But there is no bitterness greater in this world, either for young or old, than that of giving up painfully to another something which that other holds with levity and treats with indifference. To hear Cara, the sacred young princess of his own fancy, spoken of lightly, and the supreme moment of possible union with her characterized as “turning off,” was a downfall which made Edward half frantic with pain and shame, and indignation and impatience. She would be to Oswald only a common-place little wife, to be petted

when he was in the humour, standing very much lower than himself in his own good graces ; whereas, to Edward she would have been —— ! but it was Oswald, not Edward, whom she had chosen. How strange they are ! all those wonderful confusions of humanity which depress the wisest, the blind jumps at fate, the foolish choices, the passing over of the best to take the worst, which form the ordinary course of existence everywhere, the poor young fellow thought, in this first encounter with adverse events ; and this was mingled with that strange wonder of the tender heart to find itself uncomprehended and rejected, while gifts much less precious than those it offers are accepted, which is one of the most poignant pangs of nature :—and these feelings surging dimly through Edward's mind, filled him with a despondency and pain beyond words. Indeed he could not have told all the bitterness of the vague heavy blackness which swallowed up the fair world and everything lovely before him. It was not only that Cara had (he thought) chosen Oswald instead of himself, but also that the lesser love was preferred to the greater, and that the thing one man would have worshipped was thrown to the careless keeping of another, as if it were a thing of no price. The personal question and the abstract one twisted and twined into one, as is general in the first trials of youth. He himself unconsciously became to himself the symbol of true love misjudged, of gold thrown away for pinchbeck—and Cara the symbol of that terrible perennial mistake which is always going on from chapter to chapter of the world's history. Even, for he was generous in the very pangs of that visionary envy, it added another pang of suffering to Edward's mind, that he could not but consider his brother as the pinchbeck, so far as Cara at least was considered. While Oswald sat smiling to himself through the fumes of his cigar, Edward threw his window open and gazed out into the chill darkness of the winter night, feeling the cold wind, which made him shiver, to be more in consonance with his feelings than the warmth of the comfortable room inside.

Thus the whole little world was turned upside down by Oswald's light-hearted preference of his own gratification to anything other people might think. He had half forgotten the appointment he had so anxiously made with Cara when the morning came, having got into full swing with his verses—which was a still more captivating way of expressing his sentiments than confession of them to Cara—

Fair face from old Pietro's canvas sprung,  
Soft as the eve, fresh as the day,  
Sweet shadow of angelic faces, young  
And heavenly bright as they,  
Soul of all lovely things, by poets sung—

He could not content himself with the last line—"Accept my lay," or "my humble lay," was the easiest termination, but it was prosaic and affected. The consideration of this occupied him to the entire exclusion of Cara, and he only recollected with what anxiety he had begged her

to get rid of her aunt and see him alone at a quarter past twelve, having appointed to meet her at noon. He thrust the bit of paper on which he had been scribbling into his pocket, when he remembered, and went off languidly to pay his visit; he had meant to have completed the poem, and read it over to her, but it was clear that this must be postponed to another day.

Meanwhile good Miss Cherry, full of anxieties, had got up much earlier than was necessary, and had spent a long day before twelve o'clock. By way of giving to her withdrawal at that fated hour an air of perfect naturalness and spontaneity, she invented a great many little household occupations, going here and there over the different rooms with Nurse, looking over Cara's things to see what was wanted, and making a great many notes of household necessities. The one most serious occupation which she had in her mind she postponed until the moment when the lover, or supposed lover, should appear. This was her real object in coming to London, the interview which she had determined to have with her brother. With a heart beating more loudly than it had beaten for years, she waited till Oswald Meredith's appearance gave the signal for this assault, which it was her duty to make, but which she attempted with so much trembling. By the time Oswald did appear, her breath had almost forsaken her with agitation and excitement, and she had become almost too much absorbed in her own enterprise to wonder that at such a moment the young man should be late. She was already in the library when Oswald went upstairs. Two interviews so solemn going on together! the comfort of both father and daughter hanging in the balance. Miss Cherry knocked so softly as to be unheard, and had to repeat the summons before that "come in" sounded through the closed door which was to her as the trump of doom.

She went in. Mr. Beresford was seated as usual at his writing table, with all his books about him. He was busy, according to his gentle idea of being busy, and looked up with some surprise at his sister when she entered. Miss Cherry came noiselessly forward in her grey gown, with her soft steps. He held his pen suspended in his fingers, thinking perhaps it was some passing question which she meant to ask, then laid it down with the slightest shadow of impatience, covered immediately by a pretended readiness to know what she wanted, and a slight sigh over his wasted time. Those who have their bread to work for take interruptions far more easily than those whose labours are of importance to nobody, and Macaulay writing his History would not have breathed half so deep a sigh as did James Beresford over the half hour he was about to lose.

"You want something?" he said, with the smile of a conscious martyr.

"Only to speak to you, James," said Miss Cherry, breathless. Then she looked up at him with a deprecating, wistful smile. "It is not very often that we meet now, or have any opportunity for a little talk," she said.

"Yes, Cherry, that is true enough. I have been so much away."

"And people drift apart; that is true too. I know I can't follow you in all your deep studies, James; but my heart is always the same. I think of you more than of any one, and of Cara. I hope she will live to be the dearest comfort to you as she always was to us. The light went away from the Hill, I think, when she went away."

"You have been very good to her, I am sure," he said, with due gratefulness, "and most kind. You have brought her up very wisely, Cherry. I have no fault to find with her. She is a good little girl."

Miss Cherry, to hear her small goddess thus described, felt a sudden shock and thrill of horror; but she subdued herself. "I wanted to speak to you, James," she said, "of that:" then, with a slight pant and heave of her frightened bosom—"oh, James! do you not think you could give her a little more of your society—learn to know her better? you would find it worth your while!"

"Know her better! My dear Cherry, I know her very well, poor child. She is a good little girl, always obedient and dutiful. There cannot be very much fellowship between a man of my occupations and a quiet simple girl such as Cara is, I am glad to say; but I am very fond of her. You must not think I don't appreciate my child."

"It is not quite that," said poor Cherry. "Oh, James, if you only knew it, our Cara is a great deal more than merely a good little girl. I would not for a moment think of finding fault with you; but if you would see her a little more in the evening—if you would not go out quite so much——"

"Go out!—I really go out very seldom. I think you are making a mistake, Cherry, my dear."

"Oh no, James; since I have come, it has been my great thought. I know you don't mean to be unkind; but when you are out every evening——"

"Really, Cherry, I had no idea that my liberty was to be infringed, and my habits criticised."

Miss Cherry came up to him with an anxious face and wet eyes. "Oh, James, don't be angry! That is not what I mean. It is not to criticise you. But if you would stay with your child in the evening sometimes. She is so sweet and young. It would give you pleasure if you were to try—and—it would be better, far better in other ways too."

"I don't understand what you mean," he said, hurriedly.

"No, no. I was sure, quite sure, you never thought, nor meant anything. But the world is a strange world. It is always misconceiving innocent people—and, James, I am certain, nay, I *know*, it would be so much better: for every one—in every way."

"You seem to have made up your mind to be mysterious, Cherry," he said. I don't see to whom it can be of importance how I pass my time. To Cara you think? I don't suppose she cares so much for my society. You are an old-fashioned woman, my poor Cherry, and think as you were



brought up to think. But, my dear, it is not necessary to salvation that a man should be always in his own house, and between a man of fifty and a girl of seventeen there is not really so much in common.

"When they are father and daughter, James——?"

"That does not make very much difference that I can see. But if you think Cara is dull, we must hit upon something better than my society. Young friends perhaps—if there is any other girl she likes particularly, let her invite her friend by all means. I don't want my little girl to be dull."

"It is not that, James. She never complains: but, oh, if you would try to make friends with the child! She would interest you, she would be a pleasant companion. She would make you like your home again: and oh, pardon me, James, would not that be better than finding your happiness elsewhere?"

At this moment the door was opened, and John appeared ushering in a scientific visitor, whose very name was enough to frighten any humble person like Miss Cherry. She withdrew precipitately, not sorry to be saved from further discussion, and wondering at herself how she could have had the audacity to speak so to James. Nothing but her anxiety could have given her such boldness. It was presumption, she felt, even in her secret soul, to criticise, as he said, a man like her brother, older and so much wiser than herself; but sometimes a little point of custom or regard to appearances might be overlooked by a clever man in the very greatness of his thoughts. This was how kind Miss Cherry put it—and in that way, the mouse might help the lion, and the elderly, old-fashioned sister be of use to a wise and learned man, though he was a member of all the societies. And how kindly he had listened to her, and received her bold animadversions! When there is anything to admire in the behaviour of those they look up to, kind women, like Miss Cherry, can always find some humble plea like this at least, for a little adoration. Such a clever man, had he not a right to be furious, brutal if he pleased, when a simple little woman dared to find fault with him? but on the contrary, how well he took it—what a man he was!

Miss Cherry hurrying upstairs met Cara coming down, and her other excitement came back to her in a moment. She took the girl's hands in hers, though it was in no more retired place than the landing on the stairs. "Well, my darling," she said anxiously.

"Well, Aunt Cherry!" said Cara, and laughed. "I was coming to look for you, to ask you to come out and get some ribbon——"

"But Cara——"

"Come!" cried the girl, running upstairs again to get her hat; and what had really happened that morning, Miss Cherry never knew. So that both her excitements came to nothing, and the day turned out uneventful like other common days.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A REMONSTRANCE.

MR. BERESFORD was seated in his library, as usual, in the morning; he had breakfasted and glanced over his newspaper, and now had settled down to "work," that is, to what he called work. He would not have been much the worse had he idled, nor would his finances or anybody's comfort have suffered; probably that was one reason why he was so industrious. His writing table was arranged with the most perfect order: here his blotting book, his pens, his paper of all sizes, from ponderous foolscap to the lightest accidental note; there his books of reference; in the centre, the volume he was studying. John, by long practice, had learned to know exactly where to place all his master's paraphernalia. He sat in front of the fire, which crackled merrily and made light *pétitements*, in the sound of which alone there was genial company. The ruddy sunshine of the winter morning entered in a sidelong gleam; everything was comfortable, warm, and luxurious round him; the room was lined almost as high as the ceiling with books, and the square table near the further window was covered with magazines and newspapers. He spared nothing in that way, though for himself he did not read half the literature that was placed there ready for him. He took his place at his table, opened his book, put down the letters which he had brought with him from the breakfast table, and prepared to write—or rather to work—for his object was to write a review of the serious book he was reading; his letters were about this and other important matters—a meeting of the Imperial Society—the arrangements to be made for a series of lectures,—the choice of a new member. He put down all these momentous epistles on his table, and turned over a page of the book in respect to which he was prepared to give to the world some new ideas of his own on the relations between mind and matter, or rather, upon some of those strange processes by which the human brain, which is as purely matter as the human leg, pranks itself up in the appearance of a spiritual entity. He was fond of philosophical questions. But when he had made all these preparations, he stopped suddenly short and began to think. What process was it that brought across him, like a sudden breath of summer air with the scent of flowers in it, that sudden flood of recollections? In a moment, invading his breast and his mind with thoughts of the past, he felt as people do to whom an old friend appears suddenly, bringing with him a hundred forgotten associations. Had some one come into the warm and pleasant room, and laid a hand upon his shoulder and looked him in the face? If James Beresford had been a superstitious man he would have thought so. His wife had been dead for more than five years—and long and weary and painful these years had been. Lately, however, his heart had been lulled to rest by sweet friendliness and sympathy and help; he had felt strong enough to take up his ordinary life again and return into the world—not unfaithful, but consoled and soothed. Nothing

had happened to him to break this sensation of rest from trouble, and what happened now was not painful. It was only the sudden return of thoughts which had been in abeyance. She seemed to come and stand by him, as she used to do, looking over his shoulder, asking after his work. "What are you doing?" he seemed to hear her say—leaning over him with that familiar proprietorship of him and all his works and ways, which was so sweet. Why had this visitation come to him to-day? Of course it must have been some impression on his nerves which thus reflected itself through his being. Some chance contact had stirred one of those strings, which move what we call feelings in the strange machinery of our puppet nature. He thought somehow that when he had said this, it explained the mystery. All at once, like a gale of spring, like a sudden thaw—or like some one coming into the room; though the last metaphor was not so fine as the others, it was the most true. Few of our mental processes (he would have allowed) are pure thought—this was not thought at all; he felt as if she stood by him—she whom he had lost: as if their life came back as it used to be. His grief for her, he knew, had been lulled to rest, and it was not any revival of the sharpness and bitterness of that grief which moved him: it was a return for a few minutes of the life they had lived together, of the conditions which life had borne before.

Perhaps it was simply because his sister was there, and the sound of the two feminine voices, hers and Cara's, at the breakfast table, had brought back memories of the old times. He leant his elbows on his open book, and his chin in the hollow of his hands. What a different life it had been. What were his societies now, his articles, all his "work," to the first spontaneous living of those days that were dead? How she would come in familiar, sure of her right to be wherever he was—not timid, like Cara, who never knew whether her father would be pleased or not pleased to see her, nor reverential like good Cherry, who admired and wondered at his books and his writing. He knew how these two would look at any moment if need or business brought them knocking to his door. But he never could tell how *she* would look, so various were her aspects, never the same—two women sometimes in one moment, turning to tears or to sunshine in the twinkling of an eye, cheering him, provoking him, stimulating him. Ah, what a change! life might have its soothings now, its consolations, little makings up and props, to give it the appearance of being the same life as before, but nothing could ever make it what it had been. He had not died of it, neither would he die of it—the grief that kills is rare; but whatever might happen to him in the world, so much was certain, that the delight of life was over, the glory gone out of it. And he did not wish it to be otherwise, he said to himself. There are things which a man can have but once. Some men are so happy as to retain those best things of life till old age—but he was not one of those blessed men—. And he was no longer wretched and a wanderer on the face of the earth. Time had brought him a softening

quiet, a dim pleasantness of tranquillity and friends—good, tender, soothing, kindest friends.

Some one coming in broke suddenly this strange revival of memory—and of all people in the world it was the doctor, Maxwell, whose name was so linked to the recollections of the old life, but who, Beresford felt, had never been the same to him since Annie died. His mind had been so preoccupied that he had never inquired what was the cause of this estrangement. What did it matter to him if all the world was estranged? he had felt vaguely; and if he thought upon the subject at all, supposed that in the anguish of his mind he had said something or done something to vex his old friend. But what did it matter? His life had been too much shipwrecked at first to leave his mind at liberty to care what might happen. And now the estrangement was a *fait accompli*. But his heart was touched and soft that morning. The thought of Annie had come back to him, and here was some one deeply associated with Annie. In the little start with which he got up from his chair at the sound of Maxwell's name, a rush of resolution ran through his veins with a rapidity such as leaves words hopelessly behind. "I will get to the bottom of it whatever it is. I will know the cause, and make it up with Maxwell." These words would have taken some definite atom of time to think and say, but the thought rushed through his mind instantaneously as he rose holding out his hand. "Maxwell! you are an unusual visitor now-a-days. I am very glad to see you," he said. That he should have come just now of all times in the world!

"Yes; I have ceased to be about the house as I used to be," the doctor said, with a slight confusion, grasping the hand offered to him. And then they sat down on two chairs opposite to each other, and there was a pause. They were both embarrassed a little. This kind of coolness between two friends is more difficult to get over than an actual quarrel. Maxwell was not at his ease. How many recollections this room brought back to him! That strange visitor who had stood by James Beresford's side a minute before stood by his now. He seemed to see her standing against the light, shaking her finger at them in reproof. How often she had done so, the light catching her dress, making a kind of halo round her. Was it possible she was gone—gone, disappeared from before their eyes, making no sign? And yet how clearly she seemed to stand there, looking at the two whose talk she had so often interrupted, broken off, made an end of, with capricious sweet impertinences. Maxwell, like her husband, felt the reality of her so strong, that his mind rejected with a strange vertigo the idea of her absolute severance from this house and this life. The vertigo grew still greater, and his head seemed to turn round and round when he remembered why he had come.

"Why is it?" said Beresford. "Something seems to have come between us—I can't tell what. Is it accidental, or does it mean anything? I have had a distracted life, as you know, and I may have done something amiss——"

"No, no," said the other, hurriedly; "let us say nothing about that. I meant nothing. Beresford, if you have this feeling now, what will you think when you hear that I have undertaken a disagreeable, intrusive mission?"

"Intrusive?" He smiled: "I don't see what you could be intrusive about. You used to know all my affairs—and if you don't know them now, it is not my fault."

"Good heavens!" cried the doctor, involuntarily, "how am I to do it? Look here, Beresford; I said I would come, thinking that I who knew you so well would annoy you less than a stranger—but I don't feel so sure about that now."

"What is this gunpowder plot?" said Beresford, with a laugh. "Have I been guilty of high treason without knowing it, and must I fly for my life?"

The doctor cleared his throat; he grew red in the face; finally he jumped up from his chair and went to the big fireplace, where he stood with his back to the fire, and his face a little out of his friend's sight.

"Beresford, have you ever thought what a strange position Mrs. Meredith is in?"

"Mrs. Meredith!" He said this with such unfeigned surprise that his visitor felt more awkward than ever. "What can she have to do with any disunion between you and me?"

"By Jove!" cried the doctor, "we are all a pack of fools;" and from the fire he walked to the window in the perturbation of his thoughts.

Beresford laughed. "One can never say anything civil to a speech like that—especially as, forgive me! I have not a notion what you are being fools about."

Maxwell looked out into the square to pluck up courage. He coughed as men do when they are utterly at a loss—when it is worth while to gain even a moment. "Don't be angry with me," he said, with sudden humility. "I should not have taken it in hand, especially as you have that feeling—but—look here, I *have* taken it in hand, and I must speak. Beresford, old Sommerville came to me yesterday. He's Meredith's friend, with a general commission to look after the family."

"Has anything happened to Meredith?" said Mr. Beresford, with concern. "This is the second time you have mentioned them. I scarcely know him—but if there is anything wrong, I shall be very sorry for *her* sake."

"There is nothing wrong, unless it is of your doing," said the doctor, with abrupt determination. "To tell the truth, Meredith has heard, or somebody has told him, or a gossiping has been got up—I don't know what—about your visits. You go there too often, they say—every night——"

"Maxwell!" cried James Beresford, springing to his feet.

"There! I told you," said the doctor. "I said you would be angry—as if it were my fault. I am only the mouthpiece. Old Sommerville would have come to you himself—but I was sure it could be nothing but

inadvertence, and undertook the office, knowing you too well—much too well—to think for a moment——”

“Inadvertence! Knowing me too well to think! In the name of heaven, what is there to think? What have I been inadvertent about? Angry! Of course I am angry. What have I done to be gossiped about? One of us must be out of his senses surely, either you or I——”

“No, it isn’t that. Gossip does not spare any one. And pardon me,” said the doctor, growing bolder now that the worst was over, “if you had ever thought on the subject, you must have seen that such frequent visits—to a woman who is married, whose husband is at the other end of the world——”

“Stop——stop, I tell you! I will not have *her* discussed or her name introduced.”

“That is quite right, Beresford. I knew you would feel so. Is it right then that the tenderest heart on the face of the earth should be worried and bullied because of you?”

“Good God!” cried the bewildered man, “has she been worried and bullied? What do you mean? Who has presumed to find fault? She is——I am not going to say what she is.”

“It is not necessary. I know that as well as any one.”

Beresford made a half-conscious pause, and looked at his reprover with a sudden involuntary raising of his eyebrows. Knew that as well as any one! Did he? Vain boaster! Who but himself knew all the consoling sweetness, all the soft wealth of sympathy in this friend of friends? He felt more angry with Maxwell for this false pretension than for all his other sins. “I am at a loss to know,” he said, coldly, “by what right any one attempts to interfere with my liberty of action? I am not a man whose visits to any house can be considered suspicious. I should have thought that my character and my antecedents were enough to preserve me from injurious comment and the gossip you speak of.”

“Beresford,” said the other hastily, “who thinks of you? No amount of gossip could do you any real harm. You must see that. The question is about *her*.”

It was Beresford’s turn now to be excited. He began to pace about the room in deep annoyance and agitation. Of course this was true. What was nothing to a man might be everything to a woman; and no man worthy the name would expose a woman to comment. He took refuge, first, in furious abuse of gossip. What had any one to do with his proceedings? A man is always more shocked and angry to find himself the object of remark than a woman is. It seemed incredible to him that *he*, of all people in the world *he*, should be the object of impertinent remark. The idea was intolerable to Beresford. The doctor wisely said nothing, but let him have his ravings out, withdrawing himself to a chair by the table, where he sat writing out imaginary prescriptions with the worn stump of a pen which he found there, and keeping as far out of the passionate stream of monologue as possible. This was wise treatment,



the best he could have adopted, and after a while the subject of the operation calmed down. He flung himself at last into his chair, and there was a stormy pause.

"I suppose," said Beresford, with a long-drawn breath of mingled pain and anger, "this was what Cherry meant. I could not make her out. She is in it too. Have you all laid your heads together and consulted what was the thing that would pain me most—the most susceptible point left?"

Maxwell made no direct reply. "If Miss Cherry has spoken to you, Beresford, you know your sister," he said. "She would not hurt a fly—much less you, whom she holds in such high respect; and she would not think evil readily—would she now? If she has spoken, you must understand that there is something in it. Listen, my dear fellow. There are things that must be done and left undone in this world for the sake of the fools in it merely. You know that as well as I do. Say the fools ought to be defied and crushed if you like, but in reality we have all to consider them. The people of bad imaginations and low minds and mean views really make the laws for the rest of the world. We can't help it. For ourselves it might not matter: but for those who are dear to us—for those who are less independent than we——"

Again there was a pause. Beresford sat with his elbows on the table and bit his nails savagely. In this painful amusement there seemed a certain relief. He stared straight before him, seeing nothing. At last he turned round sharply upon the doctor, who, with his head bent down, still sat scribbling without any ink with the old stump of the pen in his hand. "What do you want me to do?" he said.

"Beresford, I did not come here to dictate to you. I came simply to call your attention——"

"Oh, let us not quibble about words! Dictation! yes, and something more than dictation. Of course I am helpless before the plea you bring up. Of course I have nothing to do but submit, if there is any question of annoyance to—— Low minds and bad imaginations indeed! That any one should suggest the most distant possibility, the shadow of a reproach!"

"We suggest nothing of the sort, Beresford. We suggest only a most simple precaution—a rule ordinarily observed."

He made a gesture of impatience, stopping further explanation, and again for two minutes, which looked like an hour, the two men sat silent together, not, it may be supposed, with any increase of friendliness towards each other in their thoughts. Perhaps, however, it was only on the side of the reproved that this feeling was really strong. The reprover was compunctious and eager to do anything he could to conciliate. He kept a furtive watch upon his victim as he scribbled. Beresford had retreated within that most invulnerable of all fortresses—silence, and sat, still biting his nails, staring into the vacant air, neither by word nor look making any communication of his thoughts. Nothing is more difficult

than to maintain a silence like this; the least absorbed of the two engaged in the passage of arms comes to feel after a time that he must speak or die—and what to say? More upon the same subject might lessen the impression already made, and to introduce another subject would be impossible. When the pause had lasted as long as possibility permitted, Maxwell got up, put the pen slowly back in the tray from which it had strayed, tossed the piece of paper he had been scribbling upon into the waste basket, gathered up his gloves, his stick, his hat. Nothing could be more slow and hesitating than all these preparations for departure, which were somewhat ostentatious at the same time, by way of calling the attention of Beresford, and perhaps drawing forth something more. "I must be going," he said at last, holding out his hand. "I hope you won't think me—unfriendly, Beresford, in anything I have said."

"Good-morning," said the other sullenly; then he made a visible effort to command himself and rose up, but slowly, putting out his hand. "Very likely not," he said. "I don't say it was unfriendly. You would not have taken such a disagreeable office on yourself if you had meant unkindness. No; I suppose I should thank you, but it is rather hard to do it. Good-by."

There was no more said. Maxwell went away, not feeling very victorious or proud of himself. Was not he a fool to have undertaken it in order to prevent scandal, he said to himself, in order to save a woman from annoyance, in order to help James Beresford out of trouble—a man whom he had liked, and from whom he had been estranged? What business had he to meddle with other people's business? This, I fear, was his reflection, as it has been the reflection of so many who have strained a point to aid a friend, and whose self-denial has not been appreciated. "Catch me doing such a foolish thing again," he said to himself.

As for Beresford, he resumed his seat and his thoughts when the other was gone. Those thoughts were hot within him, and full of pain. He who, even when this messenger of evil arrived, had been thinking with faithful love of his wife; he whose life had been made a desert by her dying, whose whole existence was changed, who had not cared for years what became of him, because of that loss—to be met by this unjust and insane reproof as soon as he had screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and resumed his natural position in his own house. It had been a hard thing to do; at every corner he had expected to meet her—in the silence he had fancied he heard her calling him—the whole house was full of her, echoing with her steps and her voice. Yet he had schooled himself to come back, to resume so much as remained to him of life under his own roof—so much as remained, not thinking of years, but of value and merit. He was not of very much use to any one, nor had he been much missed, perhaps, except in the working of the societies, and there were so many people who could do that. But he had been patient and come back, and established himself "at home," because it was his duty. He had not shrunk from his duty. And this was his reward. His one

source of soft consolation—the one gentle friend on whose constant sympathy he could reckon—who made this life of endurance supportable to him, and kept him up by kind words, by understanding his wants and troubles—she was to be taken from him. He got up, and walked up and down his room, and then went to the window and looked blankly out. Almost without knowing what it was, he saw a brougham come to the next door, and old Mr. Sommerville step out of it, and enter Mrs. Meredith's house. He had gone to warn her, to disturb the sweet composure of her mind, to embitter all her thoughts. Beresford turned round, and began to walk up and down more and more hotly. Could anything in the world be more innocent? He asked, nay he wanted, nothing more of her. To go and sit by her now and then (this was how he characterized his long and daily visits), what was there in that to justify this insulting demand upon him? He lashed himself up into a fury when he thought of it. He, the truest of mourners, and she, the least frivolous of women. If ever there was a true friendship, full of support and mutual comfort, this was the one. And now, at the pleasure of a set of wretched gossips, ill-minded men, disagreeable women, was this gentle makeshift and substitute for domestic happiness to be torn from him? And how—good heavens, how?

That was the question. It was easy to talk, and say that such a thing must cease; but how was it to be done. Was he supposed capable of telling her that he must resign her friendship? Was Sommerville, perhaps, making the communication at this very moment, telling her that it must not be; suggesting thoughts that would distress her mind, and disturb the whole tenor of her life? For to give pain would be worse than misfortune to her, and she could not so cast him off without giving pain and feeling it. He thought—it was an imagination—that he heard voices high in discussion on the other side of the wall that separated the two houses. Was that old meddler taking it upon him to lecture *her* now?

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CHAPTER XXIV.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL.

OLD Mr. Sommerville got out of his little brougham at Mrs. Meredith's door. He was a wealthy old man, of whom nobody knew very much, except that he had made his money in India, and that he lived in cosy bachelor chambers, with everything extremely comfortable about him, and knew everybody, and was fond of good things, the pleasures of the table, as old-fashioned people said, and indeed all other pleasures within the reach of a respectable old person of sixty-five. He kept a neat little brougham, and occasionally mounted a strong, steady cob, with a coat like satin, looking much better fed than his master did, who was always a meagre old gentleman, notwithstanding his good living. Mr. Sommerville was the confidential friend of the absent Mr. Meredith, whom nobody, not even his

own children, knew. As he had advanced in prosperity, it was through old Sommerville's hands that his family were allowed to share the advantage of his increasing income, and the boys had learned to know that it was he who reported concerning them to their father, and received communications from their tutors. The unknown Mr. Meredith did nothing to discredit his wife; but he kept this constant check over her. It had often been galling enough to her; but she was a sweet-tempered woman, used to accepting the evil with the good, and she had wisely put up with the curb. She disarmed Mr. Sommerville by her gentleness and sweetness, by throwing her house open to him, and inviting the scrutiny which she might have defied, had she been of a different disposition. Sommerville had not been unworthy of the confidence placed in him. He had kept up a certain appearance of investigation. All their lives long the boys had been accustomed to connect his appearance with a lecture of more than usual seriousness from their mother; but she had the good sense never to say anything to connect the old man's name with the reprimand or warning. All that she said was, "Your father will not like to hear that you are idle, disobedient, unruly," as the case might be; therefore, it was not from her they learned that Sommerville meant special scrutiny and fault-finding. But since they had been grown up, Oswald and Edward had themselves supplied the thread of connection. Even this, however, had not made them dislike their old friend. At one moment of especial wickedness, Oswald indeed had designated their father's deputy as the Spy; but this was simply a spark of malicious boyhood, struck out in a moment of resentment, and did not permanently affect their minds, though the title lasted. The Spy was, on the whole, friendly and indulgent—sometimes even he got them out of small scrapes, and it was he who persuaded the mother that furtive cigars and other precocious masculinities were not criminal. So that altogether, notwithstanding his ominous name, he was not unpopular in the house. It was but lately that he had taken to coming to those almost daily receptions, which was so principal a feature in Mrs. Meredith's existence. There he would sit and watch her proceedings, her sympathetic talks, the audiences she gave, and all the little acts of adoration performed before her, with not unkindly eyes. She was a kind of gentle impostor, a natural humbug, to old Sommerville; but he laughed softly to himself as he thus characterized her, and did not like her less. Never, during all these years, amid all this popularity, had she given him occasion for a word of serious warning. Amid all the admiration and semi-worship she had received, the kind but watchful Spy had found no harm in her; but now, at last, here was something which called for his interference. To see him arrive at that hour in the morning was alarming in itself to Mrs. Meredith. She met him with her usual kind smile, but with an earnest look of inquiry.

"Is anything the matter?" she said.

"Send the boy away," said Mr. Sommerville, in an undertone.

It was Edward who was in the room, and his mother found a com-

mission for him with tremulous haste; for the distant Meredith was not always reasonable in his requirements, and of late had written impatiently about the coming out of one of his sons—a calamity which their mother with all her might was endeavouring to stave off and postpone. She thought her husband's friend must bring still more urgent orders, and her heart began to beat.

"I wish you would go and tell Cara that I hope she will come to the Symptons with me this afternoon, Edward," she said.

And Edward, full of the thought of his brother's happiness, and loth yet eager to see if Cara was happy in this new development of affairs, obeyed reluctantly, but still with a secret alacrity. She was left alone with the mentor, who had so often brought her advice or semi-reproof.

"You have something to tell me? Oh, Mr. Sommerville, what is it?" she cried.

"It is nothing very bad. You must not be alarmed—there is no ill news," he said.

The anxious mother looked at him with a wistful entreaty in her eyes. Ill news was not what she feared. When a woman has had neither companionship nor help from her husband for a dozen years or so, naturally her sensitiveness of anxiety about him gets modified, and it is to be feared that she would have taken information of Mr. Meredith's serious illness, for instance, more easily than the summons which she feared for one of her boys. She watched every movement of her visitor's face with anxious interest.

"Edward cannot go till the settled time. You know that," she said, instinctively following the leading of her own thoughts.

"It is not Edward that I have come to speak of; it is neither of the boys."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Meredith, with a sigh of involuntary relief; and she turned to him with cheerful ease and interest, delivered from her chief fear. This evident ignorance of any other cause for animadversion moved the old Spy in spite of himself.

"What I am going to say to you, my dear lady, is not exactly from Meredith—though he has heard of the subject, and wishes me to say something. I hope you will believe there is no harm meant, and that what I do, I do from the best feeling."

"I have never doubted your kind feeling, Mr. Sommerville; but you half frighten me," she said, with a smile. "If it is not the boys, what can there be to be so grave about? Tell me quickly, please."

Mr. Sommerville cleared his throat. He put his hat upon the head of his cane, and twirled it about. It did not often happen to the old Scotch nabob to be embarrassed; but he was so now.

"You'll understand, my dear lady, that in what I say I'm solely actuated by the thought of your good."

"How you alarm me!" said Mrs. Meredith. "It is something, then, very disagreeable?"

"Oh, yes. I've no doubt it will be disagreeable. Medicines are seldom sweet to the palate. Mrs. Meredith, I will out with it at once, not to keep you in suspense."

Here, however, he paused to take out his handkerchief, and blew his nose with a very resounding utterance. After he had finished this operation, he resumed :

"I don't presume to teach a lady of your sense what is her duty ; and I don't need to tell you that the world exercises a great supervision over women who, from whatever cause, are left alone."

"What have I done?" cried Mrs. Meredith, half frightened, half laughing. "I must have made some mistake, or you would not speak so."

"I doubt if it could be called a mistake ; perhaps it would be better to say a misapprehension. Mrs. Meredith, there is one of your friends who pays you a visit every day."

"Several," she said, relieved. "You know how kind people are to me. Instead of supervision, as you say, I get a great deal of sympathy——"

Mr. Sommerville waved his hand, as if to ward off her explanation. "I am speaking of one person," he said: "a man—who is here every evening of his life, or I'm mistaken—your neighbour, Mr. Beresford, next door."

"Mr. Beresford!" she said, with a thrill of disagreeable surprise ; and there came to her instantaneously one of those sudden realisations of things that might be thought or said, such as sometimes overwhelm the unsuspecting soul at the most inappropriate moment ; her colour rose in spite of herself.

"Just Mr. Beresford. He means no harm and you mean no harm ; but he should be put a stop to, my dear lady. You gave me your word you would not be angry ? But, madam, you're a married lady, and your husband is at a distance. It's not for your credit or his good that he should visit you every night."

"Mr. Sommerville ! stop, please ! I cannot let you talk so—or anyone."

"But you must, my dear lady, unless you want everybody to talk, and in a very different spirit. The world is a wicked world, and takes many things into its head. You're a very attractive woman still, though you're no longer in your first youth——"

"Mr. Sommerville, what you say is very disagreeable to me," said Mrs. Meredith, offended. "Poor Mr. Beresford ! since he lost his wife he has been miserable. Nobody ever mourned more truly ; and now, when he is trying to learn a little resignation, a little patience——"

"He should not learn those virtues, madam, at your expense."

"At my expense !" she said, with sparkling eyes ; "at what expense to me ? I allow him to come and sit with me when he has no one at home to bear him company. I allow him——"

"I thought his daughter had come to keep him company."

"Poor Cara ! she is a sweet child ; but, at seventeen, what can she know of his troubles ?"



"Softly, softly," said Mr. Sommerville; "one plea is enough at a time. If Mr. Beresford is without a companion, it does not matter that his daughter is only seventeen; and whatever her age may be, if she is there he cannot be without companionship. My dear lady, be reasonable. If he has a child grown up, or nearly so, he should stay at home. A great many of us have not even that inducement," said the old man, who was an old bachelor; "but no kind lady opens her doors to us." He looked at her sharply with his keen eyes; and she felt, with intense annoyance, that she was getting agitated and excited in spite of herself.

"Mr. Sommerville," she said, with some dignity, "if anyone has been misrepresenting my friendship for Mr. Beresford, I cannot help that. It is wicked as well as unkind; for I think I have been of use to him. I think I have helped him to see that he cannot abandon his life. I don't mean to defend myself. I have not done anything to be found fault with; friendship——"

"Is a delusion," said the old man. "Friendship between a man and a woman! There is no sense in it. I don't believe a word of it. Meaning no harm to you, my dear lady. You don't mean any harm; but if you talk to me of friendship!"

"Then I had better say nothing," she answered quickly. "My husband's representative—if you call yourself so—has no right to treat me with rudeness. I have nothing more to say."

"My dear lady," said old Mr. Sommerville, "if I have appeared rude I am unpardonable. But you'll forgive me? I mean nothing but your good. And all I want is a little prudence—the ordinary precautions."

"I will none of them!" she said, with a flush of indignation. "I have nothing to be afraid of, and I will not pretend to be prudent as you call it. Let the world think or say what it pleases—it is nothing to me."

Then there was a pause, and Mrs. Meredith betook herself to her work—a woman's safety-valve, and laboured as if for a wager, while the old plenipotentiary sat opposite to her, confounded and abashed as she thought. But Mr. Sommerville was too old and experienced to be much abashed by anything. He sat silent, collecting his forces for a renewed attack. That was all. He had a sincere friendship for her in his way, and was as anxious to prevent scandal as any father could have been; and now it occurred to him that he had begun at the wrong end, as he said. Women were kittle cattle. He had failed when he dwelt upon the danger to herself. Perhaps he might succeed better if he represented the danger to *him*.

"I have made a mistake," said the hypocritical old man. "It can do no harm to you, all that has come and gone. I was thinking of my own selfish kind that give most weight to what affects themselves, and I am rightly punished. A lady *sans reproche* like yourself may well be *sans peur*. But that is not the whole question, my dear madam. There is the man to be considered."

When he said this she raised her eyes, which had been fixed on her work, and looked at him with some anxiety, which was so much gained.

"You will not doubt my word when I say there's a great difference between men and women," said the old diplomatist. "What is innocent for one is often very dangerous for the other, and *vice versa*: you will not deny that."

Then he made a pause, and looking at her for reply, received a sign of assent to his vague proposition, which indeed was safe enough.

"How can you tell that Mr. Beresford receives as pure benevolence all the kindness you show him? It is very unusual kindness. You are kind to everybody, madam, above the ordinary level; and human creatures are curious—they think it is their merit that makes you good to them, not your own bounty."

She did not make any reply, but continued to look at him. Her attention at least was secured.

"If I were to tell you the instances of this that have come under my own observation! I have known a poor creature who got much kindness in a house on account of his defects and deficiencies, and because everybody was sorry for him; who gave it out, if you'll believe me, and really thought, that what his kind friends wanted was to marry him to the daughter of the house! It's not uncommon, and I dare say, without going further, that you can remember things—which perhaps you have laughed at——"

"All this has nothing to do with Mr. Beresford," she said, quietly, but with a flush of rising offence.

"No, no." He made a hesitating answer and looked at her. Mrs. Meredith fell into the snare.

"If he has misunderstood my sympathy for his troubles, if he has ventured to suppose——"

"Cara has gone out with her aunt," said Edward, coming in hastily; "but there is surely something wrong in the house. Mr. Beresford called me into his room, looking very much distressed. He told me to tell you that he thought of leaving home directly; then changed his mind, and said I was not to tell you."

"Why *do* you tell me, then?" cried his mother, with impatience. "What is it to me where he is going? Am I always to be worried with other people's troubles? I think I have plenty of my own without that."

Edward looked at her with great surprise. Such outbreaks of impatience from his gentle mother were almost unknown to him. "He looks very ill," he said; "very much disturbed: something must have happened. Why should not I tell you? Are you not interested in our old friend? Then something very extraordinary *has* happened, I suppose."

"Oh, my boy," cried Mrs. Meredith, in her excitement, "that is what Mr. Sommerville has come about. He says poor James Beresford comes too often here. He says I am too kind to him, and that people will talk, and he himself thinks—— Ah!" she cried suddenly, "what am I saying to the boy?"

Edward went up to her hurriedly and put his arm round her, and thus standing looked round defiant at the meddler. Oswald, too, entered the room at this moment. The hour for luncheon approached, and naturally called these young men, still in the first bloom of their fine natural appetites, from all corners of the house. "What's the matter?" he said. But he had another verse of his poem in his head which he was in great haste to write down, and he crossed over to the writing-table in the back drawing-room, and did not wait for any reply. Edward, on the contrary, put the white shield of his own youthfulness at once in front of his mother, and indignant met the foe.

"People have talked a long time, I suppose," said Edward, "that there was nobody so kind as my mother; and I suppose because you have trained us, mamma, we don't understand what it means to be too kind. You do, sir?" cried the young man, with generous impertinence; "you think it is possible to be too innocent—too good?"

"Yes, you young idiot!" cried the old man, jumping up in a momentary fury. Then he cooled down and reseated himself with a laugh. "There is the bell for lunch," he said; "and I don't mean to be cheated out of the luncheon, which, of course, you will give me, by the freaks of these puppies of yours, madam. But Oswald is a philosopher; he takes it easy," he added, looking keenly at the placid indifference of the elder son.

"Oswald takes everything easy," said Mrs. Meredith, with a sigh. And they went downstairs to luncheon, and no man could have been more cheerful, more agreeable than the old Indian. He told them a hundred stories, and paid Mrs. Meredith at least a score of compliments. "This indulgence will put it out of my power to be at your levée this afternoon," he said; "but there will be plenty of worshippers without me. I think the neglected women in this town—and no doubt there's many—should bring a prosecution against ladies like you, Mrs. Meredith, that charm more than your share; and both sexes alike, men and women. I hear but one chorus, 'There's nobody so delightful as Mrs. Meredith,' wherever I go."

"We are all proud of your approbation," said Oswald, with much solemnity: he was always light-hearted, and had no desire to inquire particularly into the commotion of which he had been a witness. But Edward kept his eyes upon his mother, who was pale with the excitement she had come through. What that excitement meant, the young man had very little idea. Something had disturbed her, which was enough for her son; and, curiously enough, something had disturbed the neighbours too, whom Edward accepted without criticism as we accept people whom we have known all our lives. He was curious, and rather anxious, wondering what it might be.

But as for Mrs. Meredith, the idea of communicating to her sons even the suggestion that she could be spoken of with levity, or criticised as a woman, appalled her when she thought of it. She had cried out,

appealing to the boys in her agitation, but the moment after felt that she could bear anything rather than make them aware that any one had ventured upon a word to her on such subjects. She exerted herself to be as vivacious as her visitor; and as vivacity was not in her way, the little forced gaiety of her manner attracted the attention of her sons more than the greatest seriousness would have done. Even Oswald was roused to observe this curious change. "What has happened?" he said to his brother. He thought the Spy had been finding fault with the expenditure of the household, and thought with alarm of his own bills, which had a way of coming upon him as a surprise when he least expected them. It was almost the only thing that could have roused him to interest, for Oswald felt the things that affected Oswald to be of more importance than anything else could be. As for Edward, he awaited somewhat tremulously the disclosure which he expected after Mr. Somerville's departure. But Mrs. Meredith avoided both of them in the commotion of her feelings. She shut herself up in her own room to ponder the question, and, as was natural, her proud impulse of resistance yielded to reflection. Her heart ached a good deal for poor Beresford, a little for herself. She, too, would miss something. Something would be gone out of her life which was good and pleasant. Her heart gave a little sob, a sudden ache came into her being. Was there harm in it? she asked herself, aghast. Altogether the day was not a pleasant one for Mrs. Meredith. It seemed to plunge her back into those agitations of youth from which surely middle age ought to deliver a woman. It wronged her in her own eyes, making even her generous temper a shame to her. Had she been too good? as he said—too kind? an accusation which is hurtful, and means something like insult to a woman, though to no other creature. Too kind! No expression of contempt, no insinuated slander can be more stinging than this imputation of having been too kind. Had she been too kind to her sorrowful neighbour? had she led him to believe that her kindness was something more than kindness? She, whose special distinction it was to be kind, whose daily court was established on no other foundation, whose kindness was the breath of her nostrils; was this quality, of which she had come to be modestly conscious, and of which, perhaps, she was a little proud, to be the instrument of her humiliation? She was not a happy wife, nor indeed a wife at all, except in distant and not very pleasant recollection, and in the fact that she had a watchful husband, at the end of the world, keeping guard over her. Was it possible that she had given occasion for his interference, laid herself open to his scorn? It seemed to the poor woman as if heaven and earth had leagued against her. Too kind; suspected by the jealous man who watched her, despised by the ungrateful man by whom her tender generosity had been misinterpreted. She sent down a message to Cara that she was not going out. She sent word to her visitors that she had a headache. She saw nobody all day long. Too kind! The accusation stung in the tenderest point, and was more than she could bear.

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